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MARTIAL law in all its rigor has again been clapped on Haiti. But what was not given out in the Navy Department's lengthy justificatory statement to the press in connection with Colonel Russell's order was the accompanying verbal command to each of the Haitian newspapers that not only no part of the recently issued Memoir of the Union Patriotique d'Haïti could be reprinted, but that even *quotations from American newspaper comment on the Memoir* were forbidden. The proclamation is naturally garbed in the nauseating hypocrisy with which imperialism cloaks its deeds. The new repression, it is stated, is merely to "curb libel" and will affect only a "few agitators" and will apply chiefly to articles and speeches "which will reflect adversely upon the American forces in Haiti." This means that every dastardly assault by a ruffian who happens to wear an American uniform, and there have been not a few of these in Haiti, every act of brutality and oppression by an alien invader is thus made immune from even a retailing of its facts. And, of course, this new order, we are carefully informed, has the "entire approval of President Dartiguenave," a neat piece of camouflage for those who do not know that Dartiguenave is the creature of the American Military Occupation and that he was virtually forced on the Haitian people to establish the sham of a "Haitian government." The really tragic aspect of this latest order does not concern Haiti so much as it does the United States. The Haitian people have undergone every sort of suffering, cruelty, and ignominy which ruthless military conquest under cover of a strict censorship can inflict. When Mr. Harding made the Haitian and Santo Domingan scandal a campaign issue the censorship which had existed for five years in Haiti was lifted. That it is now reapplied would seem to indicate that the Republicans in their attitude toward this defenseless little nation will be guilty of the same immorality, the same cynical indecency, the same violation of all that is precious in American tradition as were the Democrats.

FIRST Harvey, then Sims, and soon Nicholas Murray Butler! Accustomed as we are to misrepresentation abroad we confess that this staggers us. True, it now appears that the news President Butler so hastily gave to the press was an error—he was not asked to speak to the conference of Imperial Premiers; even the Anglo-American dinner he was first scheduled to speak at was canceled, but another occasion is to be found. How the Imperial Premiers will survive the disappointment we cannot quite see. As for Sims, he has been a gallant officer and some times his refusal to wear the army or naval officer's muzzle has stood the country in good stead. But his abuse of the Irish in America is as tactless as it was base, and for that he should have a reckoning. If he had to touch upon this subject he might well have dwelt upon the natural sympathy the American Irish must feel for their sorely embattled kin. He might have expressed some understanding of what it means to millions of our fellow-countrymen to behold each arrival of the postman with fear and trembling lest he bring the news of death by violence of relative or friend in Ireland. We are glad that Senator McCormick, Secretary Denby and Congress acted promptly.

TO the English people everybody's sympathy ought to go out. Their difficulties multiply even though it begins to look as if the coal strike were gradually nearing its end. The cotton strike has thrown 50,000 people out of work, while conditions in the woolen industry are so bad that the workers are earning only one-third of their pre-war wage because of a partial shut-down and their employers are losing money at a really alarming rate. There is now the menace of an engineers' strike which would throw 1,500,000 men out of work—a catastrophe the Government is working hard to prevent. The ship-stewards' strike is not yet over though nearly defeated and, as we recorded last week, the general conditions in the shipping industry are such that there are more seamen out of work than ever before and the biggest shipyards are beginning to shut down. On top of all that, the Government is planning to give up its control of agriculture with the resultant guaranteed prices for wheat and oats and the fixed minimum wage for agricultural laborers. This would immediately precipitate wage disputes affecting another 400,000 persons. Naturally the budget is shot to pieces, not only because of the enormous

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unemployment doles which the Government is paying, but because of the general falling off in business. In May there was so startling a decline in imports and exports, due in large degree to the coal strike doubtless, as at least to give reason for Lloyd George to decide against going into another war against Turkey even in order to head off Bolshevist penetration of that country. Ireland meanwhile would seem to furnish war and waste enough. It is not surprising that Lloyd George has had to stand up to two smashing defeats in bye-elections in what were supposed to be absolutely safe Coalition districts.

SIR PHILIP GIBBS is another who is making the original discovery that it is not always the victors who win a war. He has been revisiting Berlin and is very much puzzled to find it apparently humming with industry and the determination to overcome all obstacles to the payment of debts and the rehabilitation of the country. "I see," he writes in the New York *Herald*, "a people braced and energized by defeat, whereas the victor nations, like England, have slackened into listlessness. . . . There is a new spirit in Germany. It is economic enthusiasm, with peace and labor as its conditions. They will show the world what German genius can do in industry." But one thing profoundly perplexes him and that is this: Since Germany can pay her indemnities only by enormously increased exports, if those exports go to the Allied countries they must inevitably ruin the industries of the Allies to the extent of those exports. "It is," he philosophizes, "a devilish dilemma, for which as yet I can see no solution." Yet he might have talked this over, to his enlightenment, free of charge, with Mr. Keynes, or Mr. John A. Hobson, a long time ago. What puzzles Sir Philip still more is that he finds horrible overcrowding and much suffering among the poorer classes in Berlin coupled with tremendous attendance at beer-gardens and amusement parks.

IN an interesting parallel the New York *World*, which has been conducting a vigorous and a highly creditable fight for disarmament, points out that the cost of American preparedness is almost the exact equivalent of the German reparation burden. The total amount of the indemnity to Germany—for the war which she lost—is $33,000,000,000. At the rate of present preparation provided in the Army and Navy Bills the United States will pay approximately the same sum in the corresponding period of time—for armament which will be useless unless there is another war and probably in large part useless even in such an eventuality. The *World* correctly concludes that "both these huge sums are indemnities, whether devoted to reparation or to preparation," and points out that while for Germany the indemnity is probably unescapable, the people of the United States can avoid their burden if only they have the will to do so.

IT is evident already that the new immigration law is going to be difficult to enforce. The legislation not only restricts immigrants from a given country to 3 per cent annually of the natives of that country that were in the United States at the time of the 1910 census, but it also provides that not more than 20 per cent of the entire quota shall enter in any one month. It was announced from Washington on June 6 that the quota of Italians for the first month had been exceeded by 1,367, or about 40 per cent; while the number from Luxemburg, which is seven, was admitted in New York on the first day, and Ellis Island, telegraphing that it had "one Luxemburger in excess of quota," asked for an increased allotment. What is to be done? The law was put into effect so soon after its passage that complaints are numerous, and justified, that there was no adequate opportunity to conform to it. The steamship companies are held responsible for returning excess immigrants, but in some cases they may prefer to maintain the aliens on board until another month. Obviously coordination among dozens of different lines in keeping within the various quotas is going to be most difficult. The tragedy of those who have broken up their homes and spent their all only to be rejected is pitiable. It has been suggested that the monthly quota be abolished, but this might lead to frightful congestion early in the year and make the puzzle more complicated when the final moment of restriction arrived.

EVERY rent-payer in New York City should pay without delay his yearly dues of one dollar which will entitle him to membership in the Citizens' Protective Housing League, headed by Nathan Hirsch and Samuel Untermyer. Instead of the 300,000 members without which Mr. Hirsch says the league cannot begin operations, there should be many more than that number, and the plan should be adopted in every city in the country. With expert counsel at his service almost gratis, with boards of arbitration and mediation in continual session, with a constant attempt to promote the enactment of legislation calculated to relieve the housing shortage and to increase building, every tenant should be protected and every landlord should receive rightful compensation for the leasing of his property. Mr. Hirsch's statement that the league will be non-money-making and non-political, and that "if any officer becomes a candidate for or accepts any public office his resignation becomes automatic" removes the likelihood of graft. And the plan of paying the league's lawyers a proper salary for their services protects the tenant or landlord from careless and indifferent legal advice. For the poor rent-payer to whom counsel fees have been so prohibitive as to make him pay his landlord's demand almost without question, the rent-paying millennium will seem to have arrived. All these things ought to happen; whether 300,000 persons or 3,000 can be drawn together in any such enterprise is, of course, another matter.

OUR lively, adventurous, and admirable contemporary *The Dial* in its June number makes an announcement which deserves, and we do not doubt will get, the widest publicity: "On January the first of each year it will acknowledge the service to letters of some one of those who have, during the twelvemonth, contributed to its pages by the payment to him of two thousand dollars." This is not to be a prize, and no indications are given as to the particular qualities which *The Dial* aims to recognize, but we assume that the money will go to some writer who needs it and who will justify the donation. We are glad the amount is to be offered; we hope whoever gets it will use the leisure it will buy to the best advantage; we wish there were a hundred such bonuses—or whatever they should be called—for such services.

IN our allusion to the Pennsylvania Railroad last week it should have been said that the company had recently reduced its dividend, not passed it.

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THE late unlamented Postmaster General while still engaged in making his office a jest and a byword among decent citizens ruled that Dr. Marie Stopes's "Married Love," a work originally published in England and by the best English authorities considered among the best of its sort, is too obscene for the chaste society of the United States mails, and so banned it. Of course, prosecutions followed; Dr. William J. Robinson, the publisher, has been fined and the treatise totally suppressed. If the book were as bad as the law which has been invoked, it would be bad indeed and would deserve some fell fate; but the book is not bad in any eyes but those of this particular squint-eyed law and those who preposterously approve it. Dr. Stopes, in a language which we can object to only because of a tincture of sentimentalism in it, has tried to help married people to be happy by pointing out certain difficulties which must continue to arise so long as the principal equipment of bride and groom is ignorance regarding the biology, physiology, and psychology of marriage. Her offense is that she has put into print what all enlightened people know.

THE Institute for Public Service points out that of the 308 students graduating from Princeton this month only seven intend to enter the profession of teaching. "Four years of constant association with Princeton's faculty and only 1 in 44 wants to be a faculty member!" exclaims the Institute for Public Service in just horror. What an outrage! When one thinks of how the Princeton faculty battled to make the world safe for democracy (while rigidly excluding the black brother), how it denounced everything pertaining to the Hun, and with what speed it turned itself into a field artillery camp, such undergraduate ingratitude is beyond characterization. No one outdid the Princeton faculty in one hundred per centism; no college can, of course, outdo it in scholarship or intellectual achievement, nor, indeed, in all the advantages of a charming country club. And still only 1 out of every 44 students wishes to be a faculty member!

FOUR years ago, with fasting and with prayer, the authorities of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University allowed the first women candidates for medical degrees to begin their labors. It is on record that their classmates of the opposite sex enjoyed at their expense many a merry jest similar to the one of dropping nice cold wriggly worms into the timid little girl's hand. Now the first class has just been graduated and the five intrepid damsels who took the Hippocratic oath this year have had an ample revenge. Bearing their blushing honors lightly upon them, three of them graduated first, third, and fifth in their class, with the other two safely and substantially placed further down the line. What a triumph is that! There remains only one citadel to conquer at Columbia; the law school still barricades its doors against the weaker sex. Are not lawyers as brave as doctors?

SAID Admiral Sims to Ambassador Harvey:
"The hornets are napping; let's stir up the larvae."

.....

Said Ambassador Harvey to Admiral Sims:
"I'm afraid we have started too much by our whims."

.....

To Harvey and Sims said Oom Warren Gamaliel:
"When I get you boys home I shall horribly flail ye all."

On Truthing It

"DON'T you think," writes an ardent friend of *The Nation*, "that you might follow Lucretia Mott's saying more closely about 'truthing it in love'? It is my only criticism." Well, we wish we might, if only because we are elated that a subscriber has only *one* criticism of us when we have so many of ourselves. But that brings up a serious question as to the tactics of a militant journal. Lucretia Mott usually liked *The Liberator*, one of the most sledge-hammer journals that ever existed, and rejoiced in its blows. It is hard to draw the line, for if one truths it too softly one loses power and effectiveness. To strike too hard may be like calling wolf too often, but of the two we would not be of those who deprecate easily and sweetly. We would rather have to be reminded often of Lucretia Mott's saying than to share that fading philosophy of one of our contemporaries which declares that all is for the best, that everything will soon be well in the best of worlds and the Republican Party. Without setting up to be holier than anybody else, we yet prefer to plead guilty, if we must, to being too ready to find fault and too eager to go to the rescue of the distressed.

But what we would convey more often to our readers than we do is our cheerfulness while we truth it as best we know how. There *are* very dark skies above us. Our practical men of affairs have got the world in a mess and know not how to get us out. Their sacred order is slowly collapsing before their eyes. Poor, stumbling humanity seems to learn nothing from its recent disaster, but goes on preparing for the next. And yet to us there is still much blue sky and bright sunshine. We do not need to quote the hackneyed "darkest before dawn" phrase to fortify forlornly our spirits. For in many lands men's hearts are nerved and their minds stirred. Who can look upon India, see the miracle of this great nation's awakening, and be discouraged? Who can look upon seething Egypt, supposed to be safely drugged by some pellets of good government administered by foreign physicians, and not rejoice? From Africa and the Far East come similar tales; the black and the yellow have begun to think and to coalesce. In darkest Spain the ferment is deep; for corrupt officialdom, medieval clergy, tottering royalty, and base exploiters of the masses the handwriting is on the wall. Truly those journalists who record the real factual truths of the world today have no cause to lose hope or faith. They are compelled to take note of light in endless hitherto dark quarters.

We have no fear that out of all this there is to come nothing constructive, nothing better. Humanity doesn't progress that way. This ferment will not pass without leaving a residuum of new social truths and doctrines. Even from the Bolsheviki the world has learned and will learn much even though they collapse and soon. Already men see in increasing numbers that there is no magic in political government, and the eyes of many will open month by month to realize that neither politics, nor tariffs, nor Chinese Walls against new ideas, nor special privileges are even palliatives, much less cures. Love even for those who block progress and deny truth we hope to have; hate for them certainly we have not. Yet while our pens move they must be unsparing. That is because they seek to serve the truth and it is truth itself that is ever harsh and uncompromising.

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Bullying Mexico

WATCHFUL waiting has been succeeded by bumptious bullying as a policy toward Mexico. The first course was never notably successful, but the second is considerably more inflammable. At this writing it is understood that President Obregon will try to meet the demands made by Secretary Hughes as the price of our recognition. These have not been made public, but they are embodied in a proposed treaty the pith of which, according to Mr. Hughes, "is the safeguarding of property rights against confiscation." More explicitly, the purpose is that the Mexican constitution of 1917, which asserts national ownership of subsoil wealth, shall not be enforced retroactively so as to invalidate the titles to oil lands acquired by Americans before that date. Article 27 of this constitution (which has become as famous as Article X of the covenant of the League of Nations) says: "In the nation is vested direct ownership of . . . petroleum and other hydrocarbons—solid, liquid, or gaseous." There is nothing in the constitution itself which makes this provision retroactive, and President Obregon has said that there was no intention so to interpret it. This should be sufficient. To demand treaty guaranties of ordinary good faith is a humiliation to Mexico, while to qualify her constitution is impossible without going through the regular legal steps of amendment. Nevertheless, it may be worth the price if thereby Mexico can assure herself of our friendship and gain the opportunity of economic rehabilitation.

The question is, Can she? This is gravely to be doubted. Secretary Hughes may be honest in his intentions, but the necessities of the oil interests lie deeper than mere assurance that the Mexican constitution will not be enforced retroactively against them. They want to exploit their lands at the greatest possible profit to themselves and the least possible return to Mexico. The ownership of property in Mexico, as in various other countries and some of our own States, does not carry with it the right to minerals in the earth, for which a government concession must be obtained; but up to about ten years ago oil was not considered of any consequence, and under the old mining codes it was excluded from those substances over which the nation maintained control. The question of government or private control of oil is not as important as it sounds, however. The assertion of government ownership does not mean ejection of the American companies but merely a demand for rent. In lieu of rent, equivalent sums may be obtained by taxation, of which President Obregon has given a sharp reminder by raising the export tax on oil 25 per cent within the last few days. This has produced an immediate outcry from the oil interests, and it is evident that any attempt to levy on them in this way will be as much resented as if it were exacted as rent for a concession. It is their profits, not their rights, that the oil companies are bent upon maintaining. The oil interests will be satisfied for the moment if the American Government puts its foot in. After that it will be easy to demand that the flag shall not be hauled down. The Harding policy appears not to be a pathway of peace, but a lane of many turnings of intrigue and aggression.

In his statement announcing the Administration's action Mr. Hughes declaims against what he is pleased to call a "confiscatory policy" on the part of Mexico. What is confiscation? That must always be a question of opinion and a matter of degree. All taxation is confiscation in part. The English land taxes devised by Lloyd George in his early political career and our own income taxes in the upper schedules are highly and intentionally confiscatory. Confiscation is a bogy brought forth by vested and property interests whenever they see themselves likely to be shorn. There is nothing about present Mexican law that is unduly oppressive toward private property, but let us face the issue frankly and admit that Mexico has an unquestionable right to adopt a "confiscatory policy" if she chooses. It is not for us to make her laws or dictate her form of government. According to long-established international polity we have just one right in the premises: to demand that Americans receive equal treatment before the law. Subject only to the protection that they be not discriminated against, our citizens who go to foreign countries must take their chances with natives and with other aliens. The new policy of industrial imperialism, which requires government to act as a catspaw for business and involves the coercion of small nations by bigger ones, means constant embroilment and has been the cause of much modern war. It leads government into injustice and tyranny, of which we have an immediate and tragic example in our aggression in Haiti and Santo Domingo.

We are fearful, therefore, of the consequences of a policy of bumptious bullying in our relations with Mexico. Granting inherent uprightness to Mr. Hughes, we distrust his formalism and obstinacy in subsequent negotiations, and we are without confidence in the pliable and two-faced mentality of President Harding, beside whom stands Secretary Fall frank in his hostility toward Mexico. Hope lies in so informing public opinion that it will not tolerate seeing America committed to the support of a few thousand oil operators to the point where 105,000,000 people may be drawn into intervention and war. There are numerous Americans with other than oil interests in Mexico whose business would be completely upset by war. Let them speak, if possible as a body. Let all those interested in South American trade, to whom aggression in Mexico would be paralyzing, speak too. The ear of the present Administration is especially attentive to the voice of business.

Above all, let the poor benighted man in the street, whose son will be conscripted and whose earnings will be absorbed in case of war by the "confiscatory policy" (of taxation) which Mr. Hughes so deplores—let him be on guard against the flood of buncombe and balderdash by which the American people will be asked to believe that intervention in Mexico is necessary in order to "preserve civilization" and "protect the American home." A campaign has already been begun to show that the Mexicans are Bolshevists and that therefore an attack upon them would be a "holy war." They have not yet been charged with nationalization of women or cutting babies' throats, but they will be whenever that is necessary. War will not come overnight. The danger of bumptious bullying is that it will lead finally to a situation where the dispatch of a "protective force" across the border, or the "temporary occupation" of certain territory will be held to be "necessary" and "inevitable"; that it will develop a state of mind that cannot distinguish between hokum and humanity.

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No War With England

X. Conclusion

TO present cold facts without sentiment has been the object of this series. It is impossible, however, to conclude it without some warmth of expression, because it is impossible to consider an armed conflict between the United States and Great Britain without profound emotion. What has been set forth in the preceding articles shows only too clearly how dangerously contrary to one another the economic currents of the two countries are running—since this series began the split between the English and American oil producers in Mexico has steadily widened, while the Irish ulcer grows deeper and more virulent. We are aware, of course, of the widespread belief—recently voiced by the New York *Evening Post*—that war is so unthinkable as to make discussion of it utterly needless. They are not only superficial thinkers who write thus—they are grossly ignorant of our history of twenty-five years ago. Then it was the *Evening Post* which with *The Nation* fought unceasingly for justice to Great Britain when a single, totally unexpected message of President Cleveland literally brought the two countries to the very verge of war.

Had this country at that time tasted blood as it later did in Cuba and had not the English statesmen borne themselves with extraordinary forbearance and readily consented to arbitration there must have been a conflict. It is a historic fact that one day we were dreaming least of all of trouble with England over a Venezuelan boundary dispute and that the next day every jingo, imperialistic, and super-patriotic editor in America was howling for war. The *Evening Post* itself said at that time that Mr. Cleveland's message left "only to consider whether or not we will take up arms in behalf of Venezuela." What one President can do over night another can also. And it is a peculiar fact that unknown to the American public events are so shaping themselves in the race for oil that a Venezuelan boundary dispute may again furnish the spark for an international conflagration. Venezuela and Colombia face each other today virtually with daggers drawn over disputed oil lands, with England in the background as the supporter of Venezuela, while the progress of American oil prospectors in Colombia, coupled with our recent $25,000,000 payment to that country, foreshadows clearly the side on which the United States is likely to be.

But if we are, perhaps, in view of the World War's comradeship, in less danger of such a sudden outburst of temper, there remains the truth that our economic rivalries wax steadily and are being brought to a sharp and pressing issue at three points—the merchant marine, navy, and oil. Our great public, too widely disgusted with all politics, does not realize that the great competing industrial and financial interests are pulling the strings and jockeying for advantage at the very moment that their public speakers arise at banquets and denounce the Irish for disturbing the cordial relations between the two countries. Few Americans understand, for instance, the significance of the decision of the Lloyd George Government and its pliable Parliament to abandon the historic principle of free trade, under which England has waxed great, rich, and powerful, for a system of thinly disguised protection, under the excuse of protecting itself from "dumping." Here again England moves against the United States, not consciously, since this legislation is aimed at the Central Powers, but it will none the less have its effect. It is, moreover, an entering wedge, and the history of all protective legislation in all countries is that once the protected interests get a foothold they inevitably demand more and more. If these two great countries bar out each other's goods no one can question that there will be a still further increase in the political friction between them.

Now as to the remedies. Fortunately, there are a number of them. The most important lies in England's hands—a just solution of the Irish problem. It is unthinkable that England or any country can continue to govern a province seething with revolution and dissatisfaction. When that issue is settled the whole aspect of our relationship will change. Next, open diplomacy is what we sorely need. Our Department of State conducts negotiations and writes notes, and sometimes it tells us about them afterwards and sometimes it does not. The danger exists that we shall suddenly have sprung upon us a correspondence over Mexican or Mesopotamian or Venezuelan oil wells which will cause great popular excitement. That the personal contacts between citizens of the two countries should be increased is obvious. There should be a far greater interchange of students and professors, yes, of editors, and labor leaders, and business men. Loath as we are to suggest any new organization, we do pray for some alliance between the liberals of the *Manchester Guardian*-London *Nation* school with those of our own country and, indeed, of France, Germany, and other nations. In their cooperation—they are freest of any groups from prejudice or entangling economic alliances—lies hope because they realize best of all that the danger of war cannot be camouflaged by hands-across-the-sea or blood-is-thicker-than-water sentiments—every blessed editor of the New York *Sun* and *Tribune* forgot them on reading Mr. Cleveland's fiery outburst.

Beyond that lie the great economic issues of the time. With free trade everywhere, with balanced systems of production and distribution, with the workers and not the exploiters managing industry in largest degree, with the uncontrolled exporting of capital for overseas adventure—such as the forcing of the Six Power Loan on China against its will—at an end, with use rather than profit the chief aim in industry, the dangers of any war would vastly decrease. These remedies lie in the more distant future. They can only be brought about by vast economic changes. But they can be furthered, and the dangers of the existing business rivalries exposed, by pitiless publicity than which no more pressing duty rests upon the liberal press.

Finally, there is an immediate and drastic remedy so close at hand that it is impossible to conceive how President Harding can lose a single day in grasping it—disarmament on sea and land, and thereafter the establishment of a true and democratic league of nations. The abolition of our fleets alone would mean the banishing of fear of a sudden overnight clash in defiance of the excellent arbitration treaty which binds the two nations together. Then the limiting of our army to police-force size would send peace stock beyond par. How can any one hesitate? If England and the United States come to blows with the new "scientific" warfare, every sane man will despair of civilization.

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Summer Reading

WHAT are we going to read during our vacation if we are lucky enough to have one? One friend reminds us, a little reproachfully, that we have not yet read Wells's "Outline of History"; another earnestly commends to our attention Spengler's "Untergang des Abendlandes." No, gentlemen, we shall not burden ourselves with these heavy tomes or the frantic visions they arouse, whether of progress or of downfall. A vacation should be a vacation.

It is doubtful, in truth, whether vacation reading should be anything but re-reading. It should include recollection and self-recollection and aim at tranquillity. The busy years have raced by and we have not re-read Boswell or the delectable letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu or sundry volumes of Voltaire that once seemed as clear as well water and as heady as wine. Gibbon will serve us instead of Wells. The truth of history is a shaky one at best. And you do not even have to read the "Decline and Fall." Open the volume and mark the legend that heads the page and you can follow in fancy—thus saving your eyes—that grandiose and momentous pageantry. Montaigne's essays can be had in snug volumes and Goethe's letters in exquisite selections. Hazlitt is perhaps too intoxicating for a summer sojourn. But we could do very well re-reading the sane and spiritually frugal volumes—there are enough to last for weeks—of Leslie Stephen's "Studies of a Biographer" or the "Miscellanies" of John Morley. And some day, during mellow afternoons, it would be pleasant to follow again the velvety cadences of "Marius the Epicurean."

But these are imperfect plans and counsels. All prose is second best and scarred by the business of the world. Only the poetry we choose should not be a poetry of deliberate evasion. Through all the languorous beauty of Morris's "Earthly Paradise" sounds the thin but troubling echo of his own unavailing contest with an imperfect world. No, the wish of Ronsard strikes the deep, quiet, and harmonious note:

> Je veux lire en trois jours l'Iliade d'Homère.

That is a brave feat denied us. But we should wish, on long summer days to read the "Æneid" through again until the hills melt into the skies, "suadentque cadentia sidera somnos." A high and heroic kind of peace arises from the Vergilian hexameters, and the poet's sense of the tears in all mortal things is too remote and universal to trouble us at all. There are verses we have only glanced at and always planned to read that would fill many days with a beauty not keen or close enough to arouse or wound. Some day we shall read Ariosto's poem through and "Britannia's Pastorals" and all the verses—not only the famous things—of Drayton and the "well-languaged" Daniel and, on such rain-swept mornings as must come, all the satires of Donne and all the poems of Swift—there are three volumes full in the Aldine reprints—and Addison's "Essay on Medals" which, Macaulay assures us, shows his unrivaled knowledge of Latin poetry. A fine savor of learning clings to these books, which would add a grateful sense of elegant utility to the reading of our all too rare drowsy days.

An itch for something livelier might come upon us before the cooler winds of late August begin to blow. But Horace would be within reach, and Martial, and Ronsard with his matchless counsel for fair and easy hours:

> Verson ces roses pres ce vin,
> Pres ce vin verson ces roses,
> Et boivon l'un à l'autre, à fin
> Qu'au coeur nos tristesses encloses
> Prennent en boivant quelque fin.

There is your true vacation spirit to put some end to the sadnesses hidden in our hearts. How Ronsard would have smiled at a generation of men that has divorced the roses from the wine and can no longer see the beaded bubbles of the slim glass that stands beside the page. We had almost forgotten that! Our vacations are dry, and Horace will seem ironical, Rabelais fill us with mere envy, and so hackneyed a song as Jonson's "Drink to me only with thine eyes" only remind us that, nowadays, the lady has indeed no choice. We begin almost to doubt not the charm and wisdom, but the practicalness of our plans for a summer's reading. Having dispensed with those delights that seemed normal and necessary throughout time even to the austerest poets and the greatest sages, we may find that grave and beautiful and melodious old books have not enough edge and immediacy for our unsoothed and hungry nerves. Perhaps our friends were right; perhaps we shall be forced to take refuge with Wells and Spengler after all and fight our battles over again when we should rather toss roses down beside the wine and hear Æneas renew the story of his once unspeakable but now softened because perished woe.

Better News From California

ELSEWHERE in this issue Mr. George P. West tells an inspiring story which the forces of liberalism and true Americanism—as contrasted with the spurious hundred per cent Americanism—are winning in California. And the news is even better than when Mr. West wrote. For word comes as we go to press that the conduct of the Los Angeles public schools along the lines favored by the Better America Federation reactionaries has been decisively repudiated by the voters. A new school board has been elected, a successful ticket being put into the field by the same High School Teachers' Association that lodged formal protest against the removal of *The Nation* and the *New Republic* from the school library. Despite the fact that with the one honorable exception of the *Record*, a Scripps paper, the fight was waged without newspaper assistance—as the Federation is still a sacred cow in Los Angeles journalism—the liberals led by Dr. John R. Haynes, and supported by a fine group of representative men and women, ousted President C. J. McCormick, Melville Dozier, and Mrs. Grace M. Ashley. The last named became known as "Mrs. Closed Incident Ashley," her arbitrariness contributing to the victory which carries with it a demand for the participation of the teachers in shaping school policies.

Simultaneously comes the gratifying news from Butte, Montana, that progressive trustees known as "The Independents" have by an overwhelming majority gained control of their district. They are sending out word that they wish to replace the former superintendent with a

> man who believes in the right of the people to control their own public schools and who will not be subject to any influence or pressure which may be brought to bear upon him in such organizations as Rotary Clubs, Chambers of Commerce, Business Men's Associations, or any political parties or political strappers; who believes that the sole purpose of public schools is to provide instruction for the children.

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Good News From California

By GEORGE P. WEST

CALIFORNIA is celebrating the return of its sanity and its sense of humor by making life miserable for the men who conduct the Better America Federation. But perhaps that is assuming too much. Perhaps they are not miserable. A certain legendary cow-puncher had to be thrown out of a dance-hall three separate times before he picked himself up from the sidewalk with the dawning realization that they didn't want him in there. And it may take even more punishment to convince California's professional extirpators of bolshevism either that the State is ungrateful or that it is their own mental processes and not the times that are out of joint. To date they merely have been whipped decisively by the State legislature; denounced by the State Superintendent of Public Instruction; branded as libelers by the president of the State Housing and Immigration Commission; had their "literature" barred from the schools by the State Board of Education; and finally, have brought buzzing angrily about their ears the women of the Y. W. C. A., the churches, and the clubs of Los Angeles, their home city and erstwhile stronghold.

These bewildered pillars of society must by now be nursing the melancholy suspicion that the business community itself is tainted with bolshevism to the point where it no longer responds to the call for action on behalf of red-blooded Americanism. They must look back sadly on the stirring days when, as leaders of the American Protective League, they commanded swarms of zealous spies and fearless intimidators with no one to say them nay, or to the later days, less than two years ago, when their "drive leaders" dragooned no less than $800,000 from the business men of Los Angeles to be spent at the rate of $160,000 a year for five years in protecting the government, the churches, and the schools against socialist contagion.

The Better America Federation (with headquarters in Los Angeles and branches in thirty-four California counties, and working in close cooperation with similar bodies the country over) has been unique only in its superior stupidity and its superior frankness. There was the question of the eight-hour day. Alarmed by the action of the Protestant and Catholic churches and the Y. W. C. A. in indorsing this and other heresies, the Better America Federation flooded the State with a neat little pamphlet leading off with the statement that "these organizations are well-meaning, but ill-advised." As for the eight-hour day:

> An investigation made in the large manufacturing districts in the East as to the manner in which the greater leisure operated, developed the fact that it was detrimental to the morals, efficiency, and general morale, and was productive of the usual results of idle hours. Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do, and not merely mischief, but unquestionably, evil.

Also,

> To deny them [women] the right to do so [work nights] is an abrogation of their fundamental right, and a denial of "equality of opportunity"!

This pamphlet, later discontinued as impolitic, is one of many supplementing a weekly news bulletin mailed to contributors and consisting largely of lurid accounts of radical doings calculated to make the hair of the harassed shopkeeper stand on end. Again, the Federation tried to place in the hands of every school-teacher, and did circulate widely, a volume by Leslie M. Shaw, once Governor of Iowa and later Secretary of the Treasury, entitled "Vanishing Landmarks." Mr. Shaw is not a feminist. In "Vanishing Landmarks" he brushes aside all that nonsense, telling us that

> woman wants to be loved, and, incidentally, let me say, needs to be told that she is, in the tenderest way, and more than once. If told sufficiently often, she is even proud to be a slave to the man who loves her, and sometimes so without even receiving a single post-nuptial word of endearment. Woman does not get her happiness from her creatorships or sovereignties. The normal woman prefers that her husband be the sovereign and she his queen.

The founder and president of the Better America Federation is Harry M. Haldeman, proud possessor of a gold watch bestowed on him last winter by the business men's associations of Los Angeles as the city's most useful citizen during the year 1920. Starting in Indiana as a wagoner, Mr. Haldeman became a successful seller of plumbers' supplies, left the Crane Company in 1910 to go to Los Angeles and start in business for himself, and there crowned his career by creating the Better America Federation. His public work began during the war, when he led drive after drive. Los Angeles was exactly the field for his talents, just as Los Angeles has been the last to repudiate him in California's return to common sense. For in that city the business men had long been organized in the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association and had learned to jump at the crack of the M. & M. whip. Most of them jumped gladly enough as the price to be paid for low-wage scales and a labor movement kept feeble by spies, black-listing, and a police and court system friendly to the open shop. For years no business house in Los Angeles has dared to sign an agreement with a union unless it dared also to be denounced by Secretary Zeehandelaar of the M. & M. as indifferent and disloyal to the best interests of the city, and to feel the organized displeasure of the entire business community.

Settling down and winning success in a city long notorious for the tightness of its open-shop control and its organized intimidation of liberal business men, Mr. Haldeman must have found it easy to believe in the supreme authority of his ideas. And he was further deceived by his war-time experience. His form-letters demanding that laggers "come through" with their subscriptions to this or that patriotic fund never failed of their purpose, and it became generally agreed that Haldeman was a "go-getter," a "he-man," a "red-blooded 100 per cent American." He undoubtedly thought so himself. In a very complete file of documents issued by the Better America Federation I have looked in vain for an account of the birth of the idea. But one can imagine the let-down that must have come to Mr. Haldeman after the armistice. To return from commanding an army of patriotic office-chair dragoons to the selling of plumbers' supplies must have irked him. He probably missed the old thrill in landing an order for even a car-load of pipe. One might even speculate on the possibility that

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Mr. Haldeman had a dream and saw an angel appearing to him with a flaming sword. But this is unlikely.

At any rate Mr. Haldeman acted, and there is the gold watch at least to show for it. He got up a board of directors of like-minded men, employed a lawyer named Woodworth Clum to act as director, and rented an entire floor in a Los Angeles office building. For two years he has had things his own way in Los Angeles, and even now only one Los Angeles newspaper cares to speak unkindly of the Federation. Mr. Clum is a lawyer belonging to a rather numerous class who profit by exploiting the vanity of a few leaders and the fear of the rank and file among ignorant business men. They are professional agitators on the side of privilege, and one of the most valuable assets of revotionary radicalism in the country. For if they are to be believed, the revolution is just around the corner. Mr. Clum's weekly news bulletins are transparent in their purpose of keeping the subscribing shopkeeper properly scared, properly grateful for the vigilance and intrepidity of Messrs. Haldeman and Clum, and so in the mood to continue his subscriptions. Mr. Clum is obviously proud of the Federation's espionage service, and his bulletins contain sly hints of mysterious sources of information. His agents make notes at churches, in schools, and colleges, and Mr. Clum is quick to report to the members such startling bits as that "Professor Ira T. Cross, of the Department of Economics, University of California, is a member in good standing of the San Francisco Building Trades Council." Mr. Clum wrote a pamphlet entitled "Making Socialists Out of College Students," in which he makes much of a photo-static copy of a private letter from the files of a radical professor. It was written by Professor Arthur W. Calhoun, then of Ohio State University, to his friend Professor W. E. Zeuch, then of the University of Minnesota, and discloses Professor Calhoun's preference for the left wing of the Socialist Party. Mr. Clum boasts that Calhoun "was relieved all the way round and is now at Pittsburgh helping conduct a co-operative association." As for Professor Zeuch, he is now at Cornell, and Mr. Clum prints his letter telling Clum:

> When you drive a Socialist out of the university you throw him into the radical movement. Instead of having an audience of a few students, he reaches hundreds through the platform and thousands through the press and pamphlets. . . . Schools for workers are springing up in our cities and are being taught by these fired professors. They are educating the labor leadership. . . . The more of them you get fired, the better. Keep up the good work!

But a regent of the State University of California does not agree with Mr. Clum. Chester Rowell of Fresno, a distinguished editor, a successful publisher, a member of the State Railroad Commission as well as a regent, is quoted as saying that "The University of California should hold both radical and conservative views on economic questions, in order to establish a balanced viewpoint." And Mr. Clum in his weekly bulletin for March 2 says:

> We are compelled to take issue with Mr. Rowell, and we submit to thinking men and women of this State our position—that it is very wrong to expect students in college to correctly balance their viewpoints, for their minds are still plastic. Mature judgment and the ability to correctly weigh opposing arguments does (*sic*) not come until the later years. The promise of Utopia and of millennium on earth is bound to appeal strongly to the average school mind. If the conservative and radical views are both laid before the student bodies and the students permitted to choose as between the two, we submit that the tendency is bound to be toward Utopia, and it may take a good many years for the student to discover that Utopia is impossible of achievement in this human world. The danger, therefore, to our body politic is considerable if Mr. Rowell's ideas are shared by the other regents of the University of California.

We submit that Mr. Clum (who, it should be said in justice to California, learned to split his infinitives at Western Reserve and not at Berkeley) has demonstrated that his mind, at least, is not plastic, but as solid and substantial as a billiard ball. He undertook, for Mr. Haldeman, to put it at the service of the public schools, and to that end wrote a pamphlet entitled "America is Calling," addressed "To the students in her high schools and colleges." It consisted of a partisan appeal based on the special advantages of high-school and college students. (In another pamphlet the Federation had opposed compulsory education for children of more than 14 years of age.) It was a partisan appeal against socialism and public ownership, and it warned them that

> if these groups of freethinkers or liberals in America succeed in materially changing our Constitution or substituting some other kind of government, there will be no profits to worry about in business. Maintenance of the Constitution of the United States is the highest form of business insurance. Without it you will not need much of an education.

The pamphlet ends:

> If anyone—man, woman, boy or girl—asks you to read radical books or magazines; if they tell you that the honest acquirement of wealth is a crime; if they endeavor to poison your mind with class hatred, repudiate them with all the courage of a true American. That is your job. Will you do it?

Copies of this masterpiece in Americanism were to be distributed to every high-school and college student in the State. Up rose then a Bolshevist named Will C. Wood, who (perhaps with the aid of Russian gold?) had got himself appointed as State Superintendent of Public Instruction. Mr. Wood received a letter from the City Superintendent of San Diego asking for light. San Diego is not far from Los Angeles, and well within the 100 per cent belt dominated by real estate speculators, hotel-keepers, and various others interested in maintaining a soothing atmosphere in southern California for senile retired Iowa farmers and senile retired Chicago capitalists. But the City Superintendent at San Diego had his doubts. He wrote Mr. Wood, and Mr. Wood, after reading "America Is Calling" and various other emanations of the Better America Federation, went before the State Board of Education and obtained a ruling that barred Mr. Clum's pamphlet from every public school in the State. He characterized certain Federation arguments as "against human progress," and when the Federation attacked him he replied publicly that

> too many splendid men have been inveigled in the organization because they feared some dire calamity impending. These men have been used . . . When they find that they have been misused, when they discover the real principles for which the Better America Federation stands, I believe they will not support it in its move to misuse the schools of the State.

Mr. Haldeman tried again last April, and again the State Board of Education voted to exclude the pamphlet from the schools. Meanwhile Mr. Haldeman had begun an attack on the State Immigration and Housing Commission, intimating that it was sympathetic with the I. W. W. Challenged, he produced a rabid pamphlet written by one Francis Welsh of Philadelphia, a stock broker who is apparently

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a little crazy on the subject of radicalism and whose attacks lumping W. G. McAdoo and Newton D. Baker with all the reds there are have from time to time added to the gaiety of nations. How Mr. Welsh's indignation went so far afield is a mystery. But it did, and the result was a pamphlet bristling with grotesque misstatements. The commission is an eminently respectable body, which once employed the late Carleton H. Parker as its secretary. It has done excellent work in cleaning up migratory labor camps and helping immigrants. Its members, all hold-overs from the Hiram Johnson administration, included the Catholic archbishop of San Francisco, Dr. McBride, a wealthy retired physician of Pasadena; Mrs. Frank A. Gibson, of Los Angeles, whose son has been retained by Mr. Hughes as Minister to Poland; Simon J. Lubin, son of the late David Lubin of Rome and one of the heads of the largest department store in Sacramento; and Paul Scharrenburg, secretary of the State Federation of Labor. Mr. Haldeman's attack brought a sharp reply from Mr. Lubin, in which he specified fourteen "lies" in the pamphlet that Haldeman had indorsed as reliable. One consequence of this sortie was a denunciation of the Better America Federation in the Catholic press.

But Mr. Haldeman is a glutton for punishment. He still held Los Angeles, and in the Los Angeles delegation to the legislature he could count off a majority who owed their election to the Better America Federation. There began in January Mr. Haldeman's legislative campaign which ended in April after a series of crushing defeats. A bill jeopardizing the certificate of any teacher who advocated a change in the Constitution; an attempt to block legislation requiring banks, insurance companies, and public utility corporations to pay their share of the taxes; a bill providing for indeterminate franchises that would have hindered or prevented municipal ownership of utilities; an amendment to the initiative law requiring 25 per cent of signatures before a tax-reform measure could be placed on the ballot (this to dispose of single tax)—these were among the enterprises supported by the Better America legislators from Los Angeles that met decisive defeat. Fortunately the decrepit mind that dominates the Los Angeles business community was not the mind of California. In spite of his boasted thirty-four branches in other counties, Mr. Haldeman had been turned down flatly by the business men of San Francisco and had gained only tentative support in Oakland, Sacramento, Fresno, and other communities where the California spirit does still retain something of the liberality and tolerance of pioneer days. Senator Inman of Sacramento led the State Administration fight for the King bill to increase the taxes of corporations. In a final appeal on the floor of the Senate he bitterly denounced the Better America Federation and Mr. Haldeman by name, charging that they planned the capture of the next legislature and the election of a Governor in order to "reopen the doors of the Capitol to special privilege. They simply want big business to be free to engage in unregulated and unbridled exploitation of the people. The greedy advantage of the few, as against the many, is their religion."

Smarting under their whipping at Sacramento, Mr. Haldeman and his agents returned to Los Angeles and there, at last, scored a temporary victory. Their friends on the purchase and supply committee of the Board of Education struck *The Nation* and the *New Republic* from the list of publications permitted to be purchased for the school libraries! No reasons were given. There was no discussion. The High School Teachers Association, a responsible, regular, strictly representative body, met and adopted resolutions declaring that

> WHEREAS, We regard *The Nation* and the *New Republic* as of the highest reliability and purpose, and
>
> WHEREAS, We would, therefore, regard their exclusion from the school libraries as a distinct loss to the educational facilities of the schools, . . . therefore, be it
>
> *Resolved*, That the Board of Education be asked to rescind immediately its order.

Thus far the Board has taken no action. But the incident is not closed. The Better America Federation in a recent news bulletin notes with disapproval the action of the high-school teachers in thus indorsing "two magazines that are undermining the economic principles of America." It then, weirdly enough, for it is an open-shop organization, quotes Mr. Gompers as supporting this opinion. In the same bulletin it again attacks State Superintendent Wood. It also points out the shocking things that happen when a Socialist gets elected to a school board. It seems that one did, in the little town of Claremont, and a week later the children were given Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle" to read. Wasn't it "The Jungle" that brought Mr. Sinclair an enthusiastic invitation to break bread with President Roosevelt at the White House?

By constituting itself a monstrous caricature of the organized stupidity and malice prevalent during and since the war, the Better America Federation has done California a real service. The word "bolshevism" has lost its power to terrify citizens into docile submission to injustice. Atrocious bullies can no longer carry things with a high hand by wrapping themselves in the flag they have disgraced. In time, the good people of California may even begin to wonder whether those men behind the bars in San Quentin as I. W. W.'s or Communist Labor Party members are as ferocious and dangerous as they were painted by men whose privileges they attacked. Just now prosecutions are proceeding in Los Angeles. What is not doubtful is that the State of California has decisively repudiated the Better America Federation. Even in Los Angeles it is now actively opposed by clubwomen, church people, Y. W. C. A. promoters, and a growing number of the more intelligent business men. Its fight on the local branch of the Y. W. C. A. will be worth watching. Within the past month one of its leaders has again threatened to prevent the collection of funds for a new building unless the local board publicly repudiates the "Social Creed of the Churches" as adopted at last year's Cleveland Convention. There is every indication that it is in for a licking in its own home town—the amazing town hailed by the late General Otis as "the home of industrial freedom" because working men there are perfectly free to labor ten or twelve hours a day for as little as the boss cares to pay them.

Much derogatory to the spirit of Los Angeles has necessarily been said and implied here. I should not stop without registering the fact that no city has a keener, abler, more militant minority of clubwomen, school-teachers, wage-earners. They may emerge at any time as a majority. There is even a chance that as a result of the present reaction the business community of Los Angeles itself will finally throw off the iron discipline of the bitter reactionaries who have bullied it so long in the name of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association.

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Visas, Immigration, and Official Anti-Semitism

By REUBEN FINK

THE passport and visa system is one of the evil heritages of the Great War. It emerged as a natural corollary of war logic. In this country it had its birth on May 22, 1918, through the adoption by Congress of the so-called Passport Control Act. It provided that no one should leave the United States without a passport or a permit from the Department of State, or enter this country without a passport properly visaed by the American consul or other accredited representatives abroad. The term of this act was to expire with the declaration of peace.

On August 22, 1919, Secretary Lansing, believing apparently that peace was approaching, addressed a communication to the President in which he urged the continuation of the act. However, Mr. Lansing did "not wish to be understood as holding that the visa system could or should supplant the existing immigration law." It was intended merely to serve the purpose "for some time" of preventing the admission into the United States of all "agitators and other dangerous persons." Acting upon this suggestion President Wilson, three days later, sent a communication to both houses of Congress pleading for the continuance of the Passport Control Act for one year after the declaration of peace. It was understood, however, that this measure would exclude only those "whose admission to the United States would be dangerous or contrary to public policy."

At the hearing before the House Committee on Foreign Relations in October, 1919, the State Department submitted reasons for the extension of the visa system, producing recommendations made by various American diplomatic and consular representatives abroad in favor of its permanent adoption. To the student of government technique, this is not at all surprising. These representatives, having built up a visa machinery and acquired added power and importance, were naturally loath to relinquish this power and to scrap their organization.

Testifying on October 7, 1919, before the House Committee on Foreign Relations, Mr. Lansing responded to Chairman Porter's inquiry, "What would be the scheme by which visas would be granted or withheld?" by saying that "So far as the Department of State is concerned it would determine, if possible, the character of the individual and whether he was the proper one to admit to entry into this country." Elucidating, he added, "If I were considering an Anarchist it would be his political character, or if I were considering a criminal it would be his personal character." Mr. Lansing emphatically promised not to control immigration under any condition. He assured the committee that he would not use the Passport Control Act to choke off immigration at any time; that he would always be guided by the immigration rules of Congress; again, that he would "not at all try to regulate the rise and fall of the immigration tide through the medium of this act." So sweeping was the assurance and apparently so thorough the understanding of the non-interference of this act with the immigration policy of the United States that even the friends of the immigrants offered no opposition. Mr. Louis Marshall, of the American Jewish Committee, was called by Representative Siegel to offer possible opposition, but instead telegraphed his approval of this proposed legislation. He did this because of the tacit understanding that the State Department under the terms of the act would under no conditions interfere with the admission into this country of "wives, children, parents, brothers, and sisters."

Thus the present visa system came into being. There was not the slightest doubt as to its meaning, and its intentions were well known and accepted by everyone. In the light of experience, however, since the passage of this act, all this sounds like fiction. The visa section, originally an insignificant adjunct of the Passport Control Division, has become an independent office of the State Department. Into its care was intrusted the execution of the act. An investigation into its methods, activities, and decisions would undoubtedly disclose a vivid example of government bureaucracy pitted against representative democracy. This new office, which was intrusted with certain well-defined duties and functions, has arrogated unto itself rights and prerogatives which were never dreamed of by many who had had some connection with the passage of the Passport Control Act. Contrary to all expectations, the Visa Office has assumed virtual control of immigration. It has practically supplanted the Immigration Bureau of the Department of Labor, as is well known by nearly everyone with relatives abroad. The powers of the chief of the Visa Office are almost unlimited, and appeal against his decision is practically impossible. The merest underling at that office frequently holds in his hand the fate of a near and dear relative abroad, and does not deem it proper to give reasons for refusing a visa. The office policy is to keep its rules and regulations secret. Should you apply for information as to what classes of persons may be favored by its visas and which not, in order to discover the status of a would-be immigrant, you will be bluntly informed that this is a policy which may not be revealed, nor may the reason for such secrecy be revealed. To all intents and purposes the immigration policy of the United States, the rise and fall of the immigration tide, is now controlled by the Visa Office at Washington and by its consular representatives abroad. Its secret and confidential regulations have supplanted all immigration legislation by Congress.

From the very nature of these developments it is of course not possible to reproduce either these secret regulations or the confidential orders and instructions to the American representatives abroad to whom emigrants apply for visas. I am prepared, however, to make the assertion, without fear of honest contradiction, that such secret and confidential rules and regulations are in existence in the hands of the chief of the Visa Office and his subordinates; that these regulations have been sent to all the American representatives abroad for their guidance in visa matters, and that, furthermore, most of these secret ukases are absolutely contrary to the letter, spirit, and intention of the visa act as passed by Congress and as urged by President Wilson and Secretary Lansing.

It may perhaps be interesting to cite here just a few of these regulations which are now commonly known. The consuls abroad are instructed not to visa passports of anyone except wives and minor children of declarants or citizens and parents over sixty years of age. They would not

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visa any other passports; for instance, those of brothers, sisters, or other relatives. Furthermore, even wives and children and old parents must apply with their passports to the American representatives in the country to which they owe allegiance and in no other country. In general, the Visa Office has decided that a Polish passport, for instance, may not be visaed in any other country but Poland, and similarly this order applies to Rumanian and other passports.

It occurs very frequently that the State Department refuses to take any action at all on a case unless it is first initiated by the consul abroad; while the consul insists that the matter be initiated by the State Department. The poor emigrant is meanwhile left between the devil and the deep sea. His case is lost through lack of action on either side. I have in my possession a letter from the State Department, dated May of this year, advising a relative in this country to instruct his brother, a native of Lithuania, now in Mexico, to return to his native country for the sole purpose of applying for his visa—before any consideration can even be given to his application.

It is of course very difficult, if not impossible, to prove conclusively the charge of official anti-Semitism. But if there is anything of which many Jews in America or at least many American Jews who have relatives abroad are convinced, it is that the Visa Office has shown clear and unmistakable prejudice against the Jewish immigrant. Slowly but surely its regulations have been so maneuvered as to affect practically and only the Jewish immigrant. The Jews, although not under that name, are classed as suspicious characters. An analysis of some of the Visa Office regulations will lead to that conclusion. The consuls are informed, for instance, that all those who have passports from states that were formerly parts of Russia (except Poland) are per se suspicious and should be scrutinized with particular care. Thus, one who is in possession of a Lithuanian, Latvian, Ukrainian, or Russian passport would necessarily be an object of special investigation. His case would practically always have to be submitted by the consul to the State Department and in most cases would of course be acted upon unfavorably. The immigrant meanwhile would be obliged to wait from three to twelve months and consume all his scant earthly possessions. Furthermore, the consul is instructed to look with suspicion upon anyone who presents a passport of a government of any country other than the one of which he is a subject or citizen.

Upon analysis one will readily see that these rules apply virtually to Jewish immigrants only. The majority of immigrants from the former Russian states are Jews, as are most of those in Europe who are not residents of their native country. The Jews are driven from land to land, so that a Lithuanian Jew may find himself in Rumania, a Rumanian Jew in France, a Polish Jew in England. Upon presentation of his passport he would be looked upon with suspicion, no matter who he is. It may be taken as a practical certainty that such passport would be refused. Thus the Ukrainian refugees in Rumania are in the most pitiful condition on account of their Ukrainian passports. It is futile to argue with the consuls or the Visa Office that it is impossible to present a Ukrainian passport to an American representative in Ukrainia, for the obvious reason that we have no such representative in that section.

Until several months ago the only bright spot for the Jewish emigrant was Poland, where the regulations were less severe. But since the advent of Mr. Harry McBride into the position of chief of the Visa Office new regulations have been promulgated which partly exclude Polish Jews also. He has utilized his experience as former Consul-General at Warsaw to advantage. In Poland the applicant for a visa is given a so-called "red ticket" with a "number" on it. This number signifies the postponement of the applicant for the visa for from three to twelve months. In other words, his visa will be decided only at the expiration of that term. It is quite evident, and it was admitted to some confidants, that this was intended simply to put off the Jewish immigrants until the time when the new immigration bill would come into force and thus preclude their entry into the United States. This now has actually become fact. It is hardly an exaggeration to state that to the Jewish emigrants in Europe the American Consulate has become a great terror, and to their relatives in America the Visa Office has become a seat of arbitrariness and injustice. I have been told by eye-witnesses that the American consul in Warsaw, where the greatest number of Jews have applied for visas, has actually torn up affidavits obtained after months of toil and waiting, and even passports of Jewish immigrants, that he has actually beaten many of the latter and treated even women and children in a most brutal manner. If the consulate is to serve as a symbol of America to foreigners the prestige of this country in Europe has been woefully lowered. There is hardly anyone returning from Poland who has any other appellation than "Anti-Semites" for the three consular assistants in the Warsaw office. "Graft" is not uncommon in some of the consulates. I have in my possession cables stating that not less than such and such a sum was required to make a given consul "see the light." The Jewish newspaper offices have been receiving frequent reports and complaints against despotic acts of the American consuls abroad. I have also been informed by a number of non-Jews, substantial and respected citizens, senators and representatives among them, who have had dealings with the Visa Office, that they have been openly told by the officials at that office that their regulations have been promulgated primarily against Jewish immigrants.

Now the question arises, Was the Passport Control Act intended to exclude the classes mentioned above? Was it meant to work such hardship against the Jews? Is it fair that the Danish subject in Canada must return to Copenhagen before applying for the visa of his passport? Is it just to put off visa applicants in Poland until February, 1922? One must indeed marvel at the testimony of Mr. Harry McBride, former American Consul-General in Warsaw and now chief of the Visa Office, before the Senate Immigration Committee, that American consuls have no right to refuse visas except to Anarchists or enemy aliens. Similar statements were made on the floor of the House by Mr. Rogers of the Committee on Foreign Relations, namely, that "The State Department has always taken the view that there was no right to use the passport law as an adjunct to the enforcement of the immigration law" and that "the State Department holds that it has no right to enforce the immigration laws under existing law and that the visa cannot be refused the applicant on that ground. Visas are refused on the ground that an applicant if admitted to the United States would be a dangerous element to our political institutions. I think that is the only ground upon which visas are now refused."

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Yet bitter opposition to immigration is in evidence at the visa and consular offices. In the last few months members of Congress who have taken up visa matters with the State Department have received letters from the chief of the Visa Office in which it has been hinted that it is not good policy to help in the obtaining of a visa for any immigrant. Thus, the Visa Office has assumed the duty of propaganda in favor of restriction of immigration. It is not, of course, openly stated in these letters, but Congressmen and Senators have been informed orally on various occasions that Jewish immigrants are undesirable. It is clearly evident even to the casual observer and student of this question that Anti-Semitism is rampant at the Visa Office (although it is not confined to that office at the State Department) and at most of the American consulates abroad.

Chairman Albert Johnson of the House Immigration Committee, when in need of material for his anti-immigration bill, naturally applied for it at the Consular Bureau of the State Department. This was in the morning of the day when the third session of the last Congress convened, December 4, 1920, and within several hours Director Wilbur J. Carr supplied his needs effectively.

The Commissioner at Vienna states that "65 per cent of the present emigrants are of the Jewish race" and the conclusion is evident. The commissioner at Berlin is less specific in naming the Jews, but his intentions are evident. "The Poles, Austrians, and nationals of the different new Russian states who apply for visas are as a rule of the most undesirable type of emigrant. They are usually traders, and only increase the number of middlemen, or if they work, easily go into sweatshops."

The consul at Warsaw claims that "90 per cent may be regarded as a low estimate of the proportion representing the Jewish race among emigrants to America from Poland," and that they are "physically and mentally deficient and economically and socially undesirable." In his opinion "20 per cent is a round and generous estimate of productive laborers among them. This estimate is meant to include workers or those who may be expected to become workers from both sexes. The remaining percentage may be expected to be a drain on the resources of America for years." He goes on further to explain that "the productive labor, small percentage as it is, will be found in America in the sweatshops." Then this anti-Jewish consul enters into the sphere of patriotism—and conjecture—and estimates that "85 to 90 per cent lack any conception of patriotic or national spirit, and the majority of this percentage is mentally incapable of acquiring it." Also that "95 per cent of these persons are of the very lowest classes of the country and are considered to be thoroughly undesirable" and, therefore, "to permit large numbers of such persons with such characteristics to enter the United States is believed to be a dangerous policy." In a later statement the same consul claims that "five million Polish Jews would attempt to emigrate to America during the next three years" and, this notwithstanding the fact that this figure is 50 per cent above the total number of Jews in Poland.

The Bucharest consul affirms that "90 per cent of the applicants" are "petty merchants and middlemen"; the London consul that the applicants at his office are chiefly Poles and Polish Jews, "who are an undesirable class of immigrants."

All these reports were submitted in December, 1920. On April 16, 1921, the State Department, at the further request of Mr. Johnson, in preparation for his new bill which has recently been enacted into law, furnished some more reports, which were forwarded to the chairman of the Immigration Committee of the House by Secretary Hughes and not by Director Carr, as was done last year. The latter reports bear similar ear-marks and their anti-Semitic contents have, for some time, caused some sensation in the press. The Rumanian consul asserts that "they are as a class economic parasites, tailors, small salesmen, butchers, etc.," having reference to the Jews. The Tiflis consul states that "the great bulk of immigrants to the United States in this district are highly undesirable as material for future American citizens. Our restrictions on immigration should be so rigid that it will be impossible for most of these people to enter the United States. Reference is especially made to Armenians, Jews, Persians, and Russians of the ordinary classes, all of whom have been drifting hither and thither since 1914, that they cannot be regarded as desirable population for any country."

It would be quite interesting to deduce the exact mathematical formula with which to calculate the chances of a Jewish applicant in his efforts to obtain a visa from any one of these American consuls, so openly imbued with anti-Semitism and saturated with Jewish hatred. The Jews who apparently do filter through the scrutiny of these consuls must be ingenious and fortunate indeed.

During the discussion of the Johnson bill in the last as well as the current session of Congress it was openly charged (by Huddleston, Siegel, Chandler, and others) that one of its chief purposes was anti-Semitic. Mr. Huddleston said, "It has been charged that this bill is an anti-Semitic bill, that it is aimed particularly at the Jews" and, later, proving this point, argued against such policy. The State Department was accused on various occasions, on the floor of the House, of working contrary to law and in clear violation of the Passport Control Act.

It was hoped by many American Jews that with Secretary Hughes's advent into the State Department this atmosphere would be purified. So far these hopes have been in vain.

Now, for thousands of Jews to whom all these conditions have been matters of common knowledge, who found in America for the first time religious and political liberty, the erection of a barrier for their kin overseas has been fraught with personal tragedy. But the individual suffering is comparatively unimportant. More serious, and of concern to all Americans, is the abolition of the old America as the haven of refuge for the oppressed of all lands, free from the poison of Old-World castes, hates, prejudices. Coupled with this tragic destruction is the creation of a thoroughly un-American bureaucracy, autocratically and clandestinely nullifying the will of the people of the United States as expressed through their representatives in Congress. And though Jews in this instance appear as the immediate sufferers, the issue is fundamentally an American issue, and as such demands the attention of those whose Americanism is real and deep-seated.

Contributors to This Issue

REUBEN FINK, an American journalist, is the author of "American War Congress and Zionism" and editor of the forthcoming Jewish-American "Who's Who."

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Alsatian Alsace

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

V. The Germans

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *World* recently declared that "the most conservative figures" indicated that the French had expelled between 140,000 and 150,000 Germans from Alsace. The correspondent exaggerated grievously. The deportations of Germans from Alsace compose a disgraceful story; but they do not total a third of the figure set by the *World's* correspondent. Like the *World's* correspondent, I was unable to persuade the French authorities to give me exact figures on these deportations; but unlike him I was able to cross into Germany and to get precise German figures. Up to March 1, 1921, the German records show a total of 118,099 Germans leaving Alsace and Lorraine, but this includes those who left voluntarily. There is no official record available to show the proportion actually expelled; German officials charged with caring for the refugees estimated it at one-third of the total. Probably, then, some 40,000 Germans have been expelled by the French; some 80,000 have left more or less voluntarily, some of them very reluctantly when life in Alsace had become intolerable for them; about 150,000 remain.

Men were arrested at their homes in the middle of the night or at their work in the daytime, and led away without a chance to pack a bag or say goodby to their wives. Especially in the early days the espionage and denunciation were disgraceful. It was not always the French who were to blame. Alsatians who were none too sure of their own records sometimes tried to set themselves right by denouncing those who they feared might denounce them; men, and whole families, were deported for the most trivial reasons, allowed to take with them only such baggage as they could carry in their hands or on their backs. Today, deportees are given five days' notice. And since January 10, 1920, when the peace treaty came into force, it is only Germans who are deported. Prior to that date, when the fact of Alsatian birth or Alsatian parentage or marriage became sufficient to establish French nationality, many Alsatians were deported with the Germans for the single reason that someone with a grudge had denounced them as objectionable.

Some deportations were probably necessary. There were Germans who had acted as pure Junkers and would have continued to do so. There were "professional Germans" who could only stir up trouble. Some of these, however, would have left of their own free will. The mass of the expulsions, and their manner, was certainly excessive. German professors of the University of Strasbourg were among the first to be led, bag in hand, to the bridge of Kehl, and, while a jeering crowd watched, were sent on foot across to Germany. Some of the refugees were shoved into Germany clad only in trousers and a nightshirt. During a strike in the potash mines German workers who refused to "scab" were expelled. During a strike in a Lorraine factory the German foremen were all deported. The deportations often served special interests. It is charged that some Alsatian civil servants denounced their superiors in office in the hope of being promoted, and were grievously disappointed when Frenchmen were brought from the interior to fill the vacancies.

The deportees are usually sent across the bridge of Kehl to Offenburg. There the stream is divided; those who have friends or relatives in North Germany are sent to Frankfurt; those with south German connections to Freiburg. In the first half of 1919 Frankfurt received an average of nearly 10,000 a month; in the second half of that year about 4,000 per month; throughout 1920 about 500 per month; and in the first three months of 1921 the average was only 72. In April, apparently in connection with the aggravation of the reparations question, the number rose again; in four weeks 86 expelled Germans and 53 voluntary exiles arrived at Frankfurt, and a smaller number at Freiburg.

Some of these exiles were former government officials; most of these have found new positions in Germany. All but six of the exiled professors of the University of Strasbourg have been taken in at other German universities; the railway and postal officials were readily placed; about half of the other civil servants have found their own kind of work. The greatest difficulty has been in placing the peasants and workers. The exodus was very like the exodus of French refugees from northern France in 1914 and in 1918; people came with what they could carry, with no expectation of ever seeing again what they had left behind. There were fewer refugees than in France, but the Alsatian exodus was more permanent. They had no hope of ever returning. There is the same right to indemnification by the Government for loss suffered, and much the same delay in receiving it. (In 1920 Germany made such indemnity payments totaling 136,855,256 paper marks, but as the expulsions have usually been of the influential and relatively prosperous Germans, it is obvious that this is only the barest fraction of the sums due.) Since mid-November, 1919, when Germany paid France 25,000,000 francs as a deposit, German-owned furniture may be shipped out of Alsace into Germany; but the process is slow, and in some cases where the houses had stood empty and unguarded for many months the goods have disappeared. France is now liquidating the real property left behind by these Germans and will probably realize a sum reaching into billions of paper francs; Germany is responsible to her nationals for these sums. What France makes by such sequestration sales is clear gain for France, credited to the German indemnity. The German Government has not yet decided whether to pay the Alsatians the pre-war value of their Alsatian homes in paper marks or the present exchange equivalent of their present sale value in francs, which would be far heavier.

The mere problem of housing these refugees was staggering. Frankfurt alone at one time had 10,000 of them, lodged in old army barracks, in condemned houses, in requisitioned hotels, whole families in a room, anywhere. They were passed on the old British officers' prisoner camp at Hanover, to other prisoner camps at Essen, Münster, and elsewhere. Gradually relatives and friends have taken care of most of them. While the French have been refusing German aid in rebuilding their ruins, German labor at home has been building homes for these refugees. There is a little village near Hanau built for them, with flourishing hand industries such as jewelry-making. One of Frankfurt's suburbs has thirty new houses built especially

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for Alsatians too old to begin life again. Freiburg, Mannheim, Constance, Carlsruhe, almost all the cities of Baden, have built suburb colonies for the Alsatians. To me the most interesting refugee settlement, however, was the twin villages of Lettgenbrunn and Villbach, up in the Hessian mountains. The Prussian army, feeling the need of a larger practice-ground, ordered these two villages evacuated in 1912, and empty they had stood ever since the war sent the officers then lodged there to the front. The roofs were falling in, and the houses were in such condition as soldiers leave houses, when a Lorrainer named Brenner heard of them. Brenner was of peasant stock, but had been foreman in a Lorraine steel mill. During a strike with which he had nothing to do he was arrested at two o'clock in the morning, was forced to leave his sick wife and two children behind, and was walked, half-clad and baggageless, sixteen kilometers through the night, then expelled. His wife followed him when she could; they have never been able to trace their furniture. For ten months they lived uncomfortably in a hotel bedroom in Frankfurt. Brenner heard of Lettgenbrunn, and with a group of other expelled peasants became determined that those vacant houses should be filled. The Government was uncertain; finally, with the aid of a friendly Prussian official and of the generous English Quakers, thirty families loaded themselves into auto-trucks at Frankfurt and a few hours later unloaded themselves at Lettgenbrunn and started to clean up. They rebuilt the houses, opened the old drainage ditches, dug new wells, made gardens, began to live. The Quakers lent them horses and cows (lent, so that the Reparation Commission could not seize the animals), gave them money to start a cooperative store, made it possible to buy some farm machinery and a few wagons, and today Lettgenbrunn is one of the busiest villages in Germany; and Brenner's face beams with pride as he points to the perfectly plowed acres, the new roofs, the village blacksmith shop, the carpentry shop, the cooperative store, the town business office, where the income tax records are filed, each of these refugees paying 10 per cent income tax even in the days when their sole income was the government relief of 150 marks per month. The town is full of stories worth telling; the school-teacher, half-Prussian half-Lorrainer, was left in a German hospital when the war ended, and notified of his expulsion ten days before he expected to leave the hospital to return home. For two years he lived with his wife and two children on a pittance of 150 marks (about $3) per month, and they all show it in their thin, pale faces. Now with a house and a salary which amounts to $7.20 (450 marks) a month, he is content. In the heart of the village, near the birch pole they were setting up to celebrate the first anniversary of the Alsatian village, is a house set back from the road; it is the home of Herr Baron. Herr Baron and the Frau Baronin are refugees of another kind, of the old Teutonic nobility of the Baltic provinces. They once had three chateaus and 84 horses; they now act as agents of the German Red Cross at Lettgenbrunn, eight miles from a railroad station, and when they take a train they have to walk to it. Frau Baronin is a slip of a girl in dainty high-heeled slippers, strangely out of place in that rough village; she spent the first two and a half years of the war in a Russian prison camp, then escaped, walked afoot across Russia, was captured by Ukrainian bandits, escaped again during a battle with Red Guards, got across the German lines—then was shut up in a German prison for a month as a suspected spy; finally she returned home, was married, and three months later was a refugee again, fleeing the bolshevik invasion of Latvia.

Of such stories is Europe, 1921, made up. They are romantic in the telling; any refugee tale may seem wistful at a distance. At first hand the taste is bitter, doubly bitter among the Alsatian German refugees because they suffer from a peace-time harshness, unnecessary even under the cruel assumptions of war ethics. But the Alsatian story has one relieving facet. These refugees are not looking forward to any eventual return or plotting any revenge against those who drove them out. The Germans, those who lived in Alsace and the others, have so many worse woes that they have no strength left to dream of revenge or of reconquest. There is no third factor in the Alsatian question today; it will be settled between the French and the Alsatians. That the restoration to the *mère patrie* has not inaugurated the era of good feeling and brought the satisfaction in self-government which the Alsatians hoped is a tragedy, but a minor tragedy. Political convulsions, and still less wars, seldom realize the Utopias of their prophets. And Alsace, with all its language and its clerical and administrative disputes and abuses and with the shadow of the deportations upon it, is yet, as Europe goes today, a relatively happy land. The world will hear more than it has yet heard of French mistakes there, but Alsace has ceased to be one of the festering sores that make Europe a nest of future wars.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter was lunching in an automatic eatery—one of those places with little cubbyholes around the walls like boxes in a safe deposit vault; but instead of putting into these recesses bonds and deeds and other precious papers, you insert nickels, and out pop sandwiches and salads and such. Well, the Drifter was lunching in such a place, when against that part of the wall where one pulls out various colors of ice creams he espied the following notice:

> Patrons purchasing ice cream, except to be eaten as part of a meal, must deposit in the box below 1c (government tax) for each 10c or fraction thereof. Severe penalties are imposed by law for evasion of tax.

Now there was obviously nobody in the place to notice whether one ate ice cream as part of a meal, or otherwise; and nobody to care if he happened to observe. It was left entirely to individual inclination. Hence, the Drifter was interested to learn if the box contained any pennies. He went near to it. Caramba! It was loaded with them.

* * * * *

THE voice of Conscience, said the Drifter. There speaks the conscience of the American people. Then he thought a moment—and revised his judgment. No, he said; it is not the voice of Conscience but the voice of Authority—that accursed voice of Authority which the American people have accustomed themselves to bow down before and serve unthinkingly, unquestioningly, wherever it speaks sufficiently loudly, imperiously, and impolitely. For we, too, have learned the goose step; only we have developed it in our own way. Germany developed it by exalting political and military power; we produced it by the worship

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of material and industrial power. The European learns to jump at the word of any man in military uniform. We are led around by the nose by any man in civilian uniform—any symbol of our great business corporations or other economic overlords. We step lively at the command of the street-car conductor, we cower before a cross word from an elevator operator, we tremble in the presence of the blue jeans of the apartment-house janitor. The presence in recent years of a vast number of uninformed and defenseless immigrants has facilitated the fitting of the economic strait-jacket that is squeezing out the pioneer characteristics of independence and individuality.

* * * * *

AH, yes, it is too true. America, once the land of independence, has become the slave of Authority. Our newspapers are fond of referring to what they call "the authorities." They write: "The authorities have ordered this" and "the authorities have decided that," or "So-and-so was taken into custody by the authorities"; meaning thereby a legitimate or illegitimate assumption of power by any public employee, from a village pound-keeper to the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. This term "the authorities" is a vague, blanket classification which well illustrates our tendency not to question or even define the voice that orders us about.

* * * * *

THEODORE ROOSEVELT was a great preacher (not always a great practicer) of obedience to law. It is a good preachment, although even obedience to law can be overdone. Law is not immutable, or invariably superior to individual conscience. As Justice Pound of the New York Court of Appeals well said in the rent-law decision: "The law of each age is ultimately what that age thinks should be the law"—in other words, crystallized public opinion. Generally speaking, however, obedience to law is a great desideratum, the cultivation of which is particularly needed in the United States. But obedience to law and obedience to Authority are not the same; indeed they are frequently diametrically opposed. One should think long before questioning the law (to the extent, that is, of disobeying it). *One should always question Authority.* It should invariably be made to show its credentials, its warrant, and the law behind it—particularly the latter.

* * * * *

THERE is a saying one hears from the mouths of many: "What's the use of kickin'? It don't get you nowhere." It does. It is the only thing that can get any of us in any direction worth going out of the present morass. America needs nothing so much as kickers; not men who let their bosses bully them and go home and vent their spleen on their wife's cooking, but men who kick to the right people in the right way, who raise everlasting hob at the invasion of their individual and collective rights. The modern American cult of good nature, regularity, and "not kicking" is the path toward the enthronement of every would-be tyrant, little and big, in the country. We need a revival of the ancient and honorable American art of raising the roof when our toes are stepped on.

* * * * *

THE Drifter is out for the observance of a "Kicker's Week." He is suggesting as a new national slogan: "A kick a day keeps the Kaiser away."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Big Business vs. the Church

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of the fact that Wm. Frew Long, secretary of the Pittsburgh Employers' Association, (a) sent out on January 8, 1921, a letter to employers suggesting a boycott of the Y. W. C. A. on account of its social creed, (b) on March 2, 1921, a second letter to the secretaries of other associations of employers rejoicing that the former letter had very seriously interfered with the Y. W. C. A. campaign for funds and suggesting that the Federal Council of Churches be also boycotted, (c) and on March 19, 1921, an open letter to the editor of the *Christian Work*, New York, insisting on all religious organizations confining their utterances on industrial questions to a so-called "zone of agreement," the two important religious associations of clergy known as the Ministerial Union of Pittsburgh and the Clericus of the Protestant Episcopal Church both took action at their respective meetings held on the same day in different parts of the city, June 6, 1921, a few hours apart and passed the same resolution condemning the utterances of the Employers' Association made through their secretary.

I herewith send you the resolution which I had the honor of presenting to both religious bodies of ministers representing the Protestant clergy of Pittsburgh.

Pittsburgh, Pa., June 8 F. ORR JOHNSON

THE RESOLUTION

WHEREAS, The secretary of the Pittsburgh Employers' Association has issued a series of communications with the purpose of dissuading men from furnishing financial support to certain Christian Organizations because they have not limited their message to a so-called "neutral zone," prescribed by those whom said secretary represents, and

WHEREAS, This involves as a principle and as a purpose the dictation to religious bodies as to what fields of thought and human service they may enter; and as to what constitutes the gospel of the Kingdom, and

WHEREAS, The Church throughout all its history, when true to its mission, has zealously guarded its absolute freedom to proclaim the full Gospel of Jesus Christ without dictation from any outside parties or any external authority, and

WHEREAS, The Pittsburgh Employers' Association, through its secretary, represents itself as speaking for the employing group—an assumption which we are convinced is contrary to fact particularly in relation to many high-type Christian employers—and

WHEREAS, We fully recognize that in the industrial and economic fields there is room for a proper diversity of opinion, therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the Pittsburgh Ministerial Union, resent this attempt of a commercial organization to prescribe limits within which alone the Church and other religious organizations may move; that we reaffirm the historic right and duty of the Church to proclaim the whole truth in Christ as revealed in the Scriptures and as applied under the Holy Spirit to every relationship in life; that we deny to any political, commercial, industrial, or any other group or agency, the right to set any restrictions on the freedom of the Christian Church or its agencies to apply the spirit and standards of the Kingdom of God to the whole of life; and that we declare it our solemn duty and purpose to defend this liberty of the Gospel.

In the Clinic City

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am sure you will enjoy the following experience. I was spending some time in Rochester, Minn. I had missed the last number of *The Nation* and the *New Republic* which I am accustomed to read. I entered a bookshop to purchase them and inquired if the proprietor carried them. "No," was the prompt reply, "I don't carry such rotten stuff; but here's a copy of the *Police Gazette* if you want it." 'Nuf said.

San Francisco, June 7 MARTIN A. MEYER

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From an American Naval Officer

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The principal merit of the attached paper is that the ideas advanced will be declared impractical by the so-called common-sense men of affairs who in every age have opposed any innovation in the field of science, invention, art, or government.

Louis H. Roddis
Lt.-Comdr. M-C., U. S. N.

United States Ship Aroostook, Pacific Fleet, May 2

MATERIALS FOR A CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT IN REGARD TO THE METHOD OF DECLARING WAR, AND DESIGNED TO LESSEN THE INCIDENCE OF WARS.

1. Abolish the secret code in all diplomatic correspondence.

2. All correspondence between the state departments of governments to be direct, the ambassadors to receive copies.

3. Each government to maintain an official column in leading newspapers where important diplomatic messages are to be published and in case of so-called strained relations *all* messages must be published.

4. Make it an offense punishable by fine and imprisonment for owners or publishers of the press to make false or misleading statements in regard to the points at issue which may lead to war.

5. When attempts to adjust an internal difficulty have failed it is to be referred to an arbitration committee. If either nation refuses to arbitrate or to accept the decision of the arbitrators and it is believed that war is the only remaining alternative, the state department of the nation shall review in an official bulletin the events leading to the decision. This official communication shall be signed by the members of the government who prepared it and they shall be held responsible by the nation for the truth of their statements. The charge under which they shall be impeached and tried for making false or misleading statements or suppressing arguments or facts presented by the country with which the strained relations existed shall be high treason.

6. Lay emphasis on the fact that the common people of one country do not have any quarrel with the common people of another country, but that it is the so-called statesmen, diplomats, an ignorant or prejudiced press, and great industrial groups reaching greedily for the coal-fields, gold-fields, oil-fields, or diamond mines of other lands who are responsible for 90 per cent of wars. Also that it is not the people of a country as a whole who benefit by the conquered coal-fields or oil-fields, but only a few of the less pleasing people of a country who are benefited.

7. Provide that except in cases of actual invasion the declaration of war will be dependent on a vote of the people. Men between twenty-one and forty years of age who vote in favor of war automatically draft themselves for service in the military forces. Men physically unfit and men between the ages of forty and fifty-five years who vote for war, automatically pledge themselves to the expenditure of 25 per cent of their incomes for the purchase of war bonds. Women possessing property or independent incomes and who vote for war make the same pledges as men physically unfit or over age for military service, except that service in the Female Nurse Corps or other service in noncombatant branch of the Army, Navy, or Marine Corps will be construed as military service and will excuse them from the financial pledge.

8. Provide for the appointment of a committee of two senators, two representatives, one Navy and one Military expert to confer with the governments of the proper Powers to reduce armaments by an international agreement along the following or similar lines:

(A) Navies. (a) Stop all building programs. (b) Place out of commission 15 per cent of the strength of each Navy every year for five years. Personnel reduced in proportion. Officers and men with five years' service or more to receive 2½ per cent of their pay per year of service. Thus an officer or man with 30 years' service would be retired on three-quarters pay. An officer or man with 10 years', on 25 per cent of pay. Men with less than 5 years' service to receive a cash gratuity of four months' pay on discharge.

(B) Army to be reduced in the same manner as naval personnel, except that the reduction of field and coast artillery air service and engineers will be for two years only (70 per cent of these arms retained) and other reductions to continue for five years (25 per cent retained). Staff Corps reduction to be made so as to retain the proper proportion to the line. Thus if the allowance of medical officers is seven per thousand and the army at the end of five years had 60,000 men there would be 420 medical officers.

Disarmament

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Why not a parade in New York for international disarmament, with special emphasis on the American navy?

The Senate, House, and the Executive are busily engaged in dickering and wire-pulling as to who shall move next in this all-important matter, and when. The American people are for a drastic reduction of armaments. They want action, not political scheming and orating. The best thing to bring the Washington muddle to a conclusion is to let it be known emphatically that the men and women of America mean business in this matter and that business means speed, not promises.

There can be only one time to move for disarmament, and that is immediately. The peoples of the civilized world want it. Let them inform their governors and each other of this fact in unmistakable language. I believe that New York could muster a monster parade for disarmament. If only America had the intelligence to make possible such a parade in every city and hamlet in the land, and on Independence Day.

Spuyten Duyvil, June 7 Edwin S. Smith

Misleading Phraseology?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Apropos of the second instalment of No War With England, is it not about time we abandoned the childish and misleading phraseology, smacking of grade-school geography texts, "our trade with South America," "the United States and Great Britain are rivals in the foreign markets," etc.? In plain language, what have "we," "South America," "the United States," or "Great Britain" to do with it? Are not all matters of export and import the world over in the hands of industrial and trade magnates, the least nationalistic as well as internationalistic, because the most intensely individualistic, people on earth? *The Nation* gives its readers no keener satisfaction than that of the enjoyment of its clearness and directness of thought and term. Long outworn, if ever applicable, phraseology cannot be tolerated in its Doric columns! If "our" trade rivalry, then also "our" war?

St. Paul, April 27 Aldena Carlson

Woodrow Wilson and Panama

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Homer nodded in your article on the Panama Canal tolls in your issue of May 18 when you spoke of the "honorable insistence of President Wilson" as being responsible for the repeal of the exemption of American ships in 1914. Surely you have not forgotten how he first stood (as did that jumble of undemocratic foolishness, the Baltimore platform) for the exemption and made a speech to farmers in New Jersey supporting it, how he later wobbled, and how, being firmly seated in the Presidential office, he finally joined in asking for the righteous and honorable thing? He helped, yes, but I believe the fight would have been won without him. Didn't he see the honest thing in 1912?

Richmond, Va., June 7 J. L. S.

The Late Abbott H. Thayer

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am expecting to publish Mr. Thayer's letters and reproductions of his pictures, and I shall be grateful to any persons who may have letters from him and who will allow me to examine them or copies of them for publication. Letters sent to me will, of course, be carefully returned.

Monadnock, N. H., June 3 Emma B. Thayer
(Mrs. Abbott H. Thayer)

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International Relations Section

The Mandate for South-West Africa

THE terms of the mandate for the German protectorate of South-West Africa, as printed below, were published by the British Government.

The Council of the League of Nations:

WHEREAS, By Article 119 of the Treaty of Peace with Germany signed at Versailles on the 28th June, 1919, Germany renounced in favor of the principal Allied and Associated Powers all her rights over her overseas possessions, including therein German South-West Africa; and

WHEREAS, The principal Allied and Associated Powers agreed that, in accordance with Article 22, part I (Covenant of the League of Nations), of the said treaty, a mandate should be conferred upon His Britannic Majesty, to be exercised on his behalf by the Government of the Union of South Africa, to administer the territory aforementioned, and have proposed that the mandate should be formulated in the following terms; and

WHEREAS, His Britannic Majesty, for and on behalf of the Government of the Union of South Africa, has agreed to accept the mandate in respect of the said territory and has undertaken to exercise it on behalf of the League of Nations in accordance with the following provisions; and

WHEREAS, By the aforementioned Article 22, paragraph 8, it is provided that the degree of authority, control, or administration to be exercised by the mandatory, not having been previously agreed upon by the members of the League, shall be explicitly defined by the Council of the League of Nations:

Confirming the said mandate, defines its terms as follows:

ARTICLE 1. The territory over which a mandate is conferred upon His Britannic Majesty for and on behalf of the Government of the Union of South Africa (hereinafter called the mandatory) comprises the territory which formerly constituted the German Protectorate of South-West Africa.

ART. 2. The mandatory shall have full power of administration and legislation over the territory subject to the present mandate as an integral portion of the Union of South Africa, and may apply the laws of the Union of South Africa to the territory, subject to such local modifications as circumstances may require.

The mandatory shall promote to the utmost the material and moral well-being and the social progress of the inhabitants of the territory subject to the present mandate.

ART. 3. The mandatory shall see that the slave trade is prohibited, and that no forced labor is permitted, except for essential public works and services, and then only for adequate remuneration.

The mandatory shall also see that the traffic in arms and ammunition is controlled in accordance with principles analogous to those laid down in the convention relating to the control of the arms traffic, signed on the 10th September, 1919, or in any convention amending the same.

The supply of intoxicating spirits and beverages to the natives shall be prohibited.

ART. 4. The military training of the natives, otherwise than for purposes of internal police and the local defense of the territory, shall be prohibited. Furthermore, no military or naval bases shall be established or fortifications erected in the territory.

ART. 5. Subject to the provisions of any local law for the maintenance of public order and public morals, the mandatory shall insure in the territory freedom of conscience and the free exercise of all forms of worship, and shall allow all missionaries, nationals of any state member of the League of Nations, to enter into, travel, and reside in the territory for the purpose of prosecuting their calling.

ART. 6. The mandatory shall make to the Council of the League of Nations an annual report to the satisfaction of the Council, containing full information with regard to the territory, and indicating the measures taken to carry out the obligations assumed under articles 2, 3, 4 and 5.

ART. 7. The consent of the Council of the League of Nations is required for any modification of the terms of the present mandate.

The mandatory agrees that, if any dispute whatever should arise between the mandatory and another member of the League of Nations relating to the interpretation or the application of the provisions of the mandate, such dispute, if it cannot be settled by negotiation, shall be submitted to the Permanent Court of International Justice provided for by Article 14 of the Covenant of the League of Nations.

The present declaration shall be deposited in the archives of the League of Nations. Certified copies shall be forwarded by the Secretary-General of the League of Nations to all Powers signatories of the Treaty of Peace with Germany.

Made at Geneva the 17th day of December, 1920.

South Africa's New Province

WE print below the Final Report of the Commission appointed by the South African Government to inquire into the question of the future form of government in South-West Africa, together with certain reservations and memoranda presented separately by two of its members. It is interesting to note that in the majority report the commission contemplates that the Union shall "remain permanently responsible" for the territory in question, which is to be administered under the laws of the Union "as an integral portion of its territory." It will also be observed that, although the former German colony is three-fourths the size of the whole Union of South Africa and possesses a white population no more than one-tenth of the white population of the smallest province of the Union, the native question is entirely ignored as beside the subject of inquiry.

MAJORITY REPORT

On the 11th November last your Commission submitted an Interim Report dealing with the form of government which should be instituted in the South-West Africa Protectorate upon the repeal of martial law.

Your Commission has now considered the further questions raised in the terms of reference, viz., "what should be the future form of government of that territory, and in how far it can be governed as a province of the Union, and when and in how far representation should be given to its population both locally and in the Union Parliament," and your Commission has the honor to submit the following recommendations thereanent:

1. It has been suggested to your Commission in evidence that the form of government recommended in the Interim Report, i.e., government by an administrator assisted by an advisory council, should be followed by one or more phases in which representation, increasing by degrees, was granted to the population before the final form of full representative government as a province of the Union was reached. But in view of the fact that the Protectorate, under the terms of the peace treaty, has in any event to be governed as an integral portion of the Union and under the laws of the Union, your Commission is of opinion that such intermediate phases of government would serve no useful purpose, but would tend to foster the aspiration, entertained by a considerable section of the European population of the Protectorate, to develop into a state entirely independent of the Union.

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2. This aspiration is based on what your Commission considers to be an entire misconception of the position of the German residents in the Protectorate regarded as mandated territory. It is contended that the South-West Africa Protectorate should be dealt with as indicated in the fourth paragraph of Article 22 of the Peace Treaty, which reads as follows:

"Certain communities formerly belonging to the Turkish Empire have reached a stage of development where their existence as independent nations can be provisionally recognized subject to the rendering of administrative advice and assistance by a mandatory until such time as they are able to stand alone. The wishes of these communities must be a principal consideration in the selection of the mandatory."

In this class of mandate the mandatory is placed in the position of a guardian only until such time as the people over whom the mandate is granted is able to stand alone. For the reasons set out below it is very clear to your Commission that this view is erroneous.

3. The fifth and sixth paragraphs of Article 22 relate to African territories, and a clear distinction is drawn between these and the class of territories referred to in the fourth paragraph of that article. In the latter an old civilization has at one time or another existed under its own system of government and it is expected that they will, under a temporary tutelage, again develop into autonomous states. In the former, however, no indigenous civilization has ever existed. They are still in a state of semi-barbarism, and no eventual self-government by the native races is indicated in the paragraphs referred to. On the contrary, it is rather contemplated that the mandatory Powers must remain permanently responsible for the good government of these territories with their backward peoples. As regards South-West Africa, it is explicitly mentioned by name as a territory to be administered under the laws of the mandatory power as an integral portion of its territory.

4. The erroneous view referred to above seems to be based on the fact that there is actually residing in the territory in question a civilized European community consisting of the subjects of the Power which, by Article 119 of the Peace Treaty, renounced in favor of the principal Allied and Associated Powers all her rights and title over that territory.

5. That this fact in no way affects the status of that territory under the mandate is made quite clear by Article 122, which reads as follows:

"The Government exercising authority over such territory may make such provisions as it thinks fit with reference to the repatriation from them of German nationals and to the conditions upon which German subjects of European origin shall, or shall not, be allowed to reside, hold property, trade, or exercise a profession in them."

Had the mandatory Power availed itself of the right conferred by this article and repatriated every German national from the territory in question, it is obvious that the contention referred to above, in paragraph 3, could not have been put forward, because there would not have been a German national left in that territory to put it forward.

6. While your Commission wholly approves of the magnanimity and political wisdom shown by your Government in not exercising the right conferred upon it by Article 122, it is quite clear that the fact of your Government not having exercised that right does not affect the character of the mandate under which South-West Africa has to be administered. Your Commission is of opinion that there is no other way in which aliens residing in the mandated territory can acquire the right to take part in the administration of the country in which they have made their home than by becoming citizens of the state which, under the mandate, is charged with the administration of that country as an integral part of that state's own territory.

7. Your Commission, therefore, recommends that the form of government for the Protectorate, outlined in the Interim Report, should be succeeded without any intermediate phases, by the form of government at present prevailing in the four provinces of the Union, giving the population full representation in a Provincial Council and in the Union Parliament. When that stage has been reached, the Protectorate will be administered as a fifth Province of the Union, with a system of government similar in principle to that of the other parts of the Union, but subject always to the conditions of the mandate.

8. In view, however, of the peculiar circumstances prevailing in the Protectorate, where the white population does not at present number more than one-tenth of the white population of the smallest Union Province and is spread over an area equaling about three-fourths of the whole Union, it may be found desirable at first to modify somewhat the provincial form of government in regard to the delegation of powers by the Union Parliament to the new Provincial Administration, and also in regard. to the continued representation of the Union Government by the Administrator in matters reserved to the Union.

9. But in regard to this matter, as also in regard to the period to elapse before this form of government is instituted in the Protectorate, it is at present impossible to make any definite recommendations. A great deal will depend upon the manner in which the country develops, upon the rate at which the population increases, and upon the attitude adopted by the older section of the present white inhabitants. Your Commission is, however, of opinion that the final form of government outlined above should not be instituted in the Protectorate until the population includes at least 10,000 adult male British subjects of European descent, but that it should be instituted as soon as practicable after that figure has been reached.

10. A very important question which will have to be decided before a representative form of government can be instituted in the Protectorate is the question of franchise.

11. Your Commission is of opinion that only such residents of the Protectorate as would be British subjects if residing in the Union should have the right to elect representatives in the future Provincial Council and in the Union Parliament. At the same time it should be borne in mind that at least one-half of the present white population of the Protectorate, consisting for the greater part of useful citizens who have been domiciled there for many years, are not as yet British subjects.

12. It is clearly desirable that such an important section of the population and one which has done so much to develop the country in which it has made its permanent home should be encouraged to take a full part in molding the destiny of that country under the changed conditions brought about by the peace treaty and in conformity with its provisions. The obvious difficulty is the natural reluctance (a legacy of the war) of a considerable proportion of that section to fulfil the indispensable condition of exercising full political rights within the Union by becoming British subjects. There is also the legal difficulty that persons domiciled in the Protectorate who are not British subjects cannot acquire British nationality within the Union in the ordinary way by applying for naturalization. The Union Naturalization Act (No. 4 of 1910) does not apply to them.

13. While recognizing this very natural sentiment on the part of many German residents in the Protectorate it is clear to your Commission that it is impossible to permit persons who do not owe allegiance to the Union to participate in shaping the political affairs of a territory which is to be administered by the Union as an integral part thereof. The utmost that can be done, in the opinion of your Commission, to recognize and to some extent to mitigate the effect of this sentiment, is to frame special legislation for the acquisition of the necessary citizenship by the German inhabitants of the Protectorate, which in its mode of operation will place the least practicable difficulty in the way of late enemy subjects who have made the country their home and who wish to participate in its political government.

14. In such legislation one of two methods could be followed.

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According to the one method, British citizenship could be granted individually to every adult male person who was domiciled in the Protectorate on, say, the 1st August, 1914, who signed before a magistrate or some other prescribed officer within a period of, say, one year after the promulgation of the statute in question, a form expressing the desire to become a British subject of the Union. According to the other method, every adult male German domiciled in the Protectorate on the date of the promulgation of the statute in question could, by enactment, be declared to be a British subject, unless he signed, say, within one year after the promulgation of the statute, before a magistrate or other prescribed officer, a declaration expressing the desire not to become a British subject.

15. The first method commends itself by the fact that it would afford an accurate return of the number of aliens who had become British subjects by their own deliberate act, but at the same time it is possible that a large proportion of the German population would not avail themselves of this opportunity of becoming British subjects. A change of nationality is at all times a serious matter, and even persons who have no objection to acquire British nationality by an act of their own may be deterred from doing so by various considerations. Under the present circumstances it might be possible for one man of standing and influence to induce a large number of others to refrain from voluntarily renouncing their former allegiance, even if they were inclined to do so.

16. The second method, i.e., automatic naturalization by statute, will, in your Commission's opinion, meet the difficulty referred to, and in view of the considerations expressed in paragraph 12, your Commission recommends that this automatic form of naturalization by the statute be adopted.

17. If this course is followed, special provision will have to be made for Germans who were domiciled in the Protectorate at the outbreak of the war, but who will not be residents of that territory when the naturalizing statute comes into force. If such Germans be permitted to return to the Protectorate, say, within five years after the promulgation of the naturalizing statute, they should be enabled to acquire British citizenship within the Union during, say, one year after their return to the protectorate in the manner indicated in the first part of paragraph 14. This provision is recommended mainly with a view to a number of persons who have been deported from the Protectorate, but who may, in the interests of that territory, be permitted to return thereto. . . .

19. Representations were also made to your Commission on various other questions which do not, however, fall within the terms of reference and on which your Commission, therefore, does not wish to express an opinion.

(Signed) N. J. De Wet, Chairman.
J. J. Byron (with reservations).
W. R. Burch.
F. H. P. Creswell.

A. A. Schoch, Secretary.

Cape Town, 11th March, 1921.

Addendum by the Honorable J. J. Byron

I have signed the Report of the Commission with the following reservation:

I am unable to agree to the recommendation that every adult male German domiciled in the Protectorate should, under a statute to be enacted for the purpose, be declared and become a British subject unless he signs an official disclaimer of such naturalization within one year. It should be noted that refusal of British nationality would involve no penalty, such as expulsion from the country, etc., as in the case of the inhabitants of Schleswig-Holstein after the war of 1864, those of Alsace-Lorraine after the Franco-German war of 1871, or as in the more recent provisions of the Peace Treaty, Articles 136 and 137, providing that German nationals declining Belgian citizenship must leave that country.

Paragraph 15 of the Report states: "A change of nationality is at all times a serious matter." I agree. It would appear to follow that when such a change is made it should be a deliberate overt act of the individual, based on his own free will and choice as influenced by all the circumstances.

In "Outlines of International Law," by Admiral Stockton, U.S.N., naturalization is defined as "the reception of an alien into the citizenship of a state through a formal act on application of the favored individual." "The customary rule in international law that the inhabitants of conquered and ceded territory lose one nationality and acquire another by the annexation of the territory to that of the conquering state" cannot be applied in this case, as the South-West Protectorate most emphatically is not annexed to the Union.

Apart from the doubtful legality of the method recommended in the Report—that is to say viewed from an international standpoint—it does not seem desirable to adopt any form of compulsion as to change of nationality if such can be avoided.

It is without doubt the desire of the mandatory Power—the people of the Union—to exercise the utmost magnanimity possible, but to inaugurate the Protectorate's sharing in the government of the Union by a statute savoring of compulsory change of nationality would not be the best method of conciliating a population whose pride in their fatherland is one of their outstanding traits. This honorable characteristic should be fully respected.

The argument in paragraph 15 "that under the present circumstances it might be possible for one man of standing and influence to induce a large number of them to refrain from voluntarily renouncing their former allegiance" may equally be applied to the other alternative. An agitation or a movement with the object of inducing Germans to sign a declaration expressing the desire not to become British subjects is just as conceivable. In all precedents that I have been able to trace, the principle has been laid down that the leaving of or adhering to the old allegiance should be the fulfilment of the wish of the person in question, and that it is desirable that clear evidence of such intention be forthcoming. The best evidence, naturally, would be the wish originated and expressed by the person concerned and vouched for by his duly witnessed signature. This would obviously be more definite and conclusive than the negative and unsatisfactory evidence of failure to renounce a citizenship imposed by statute, the existence of which law the interested party possibly could plead was unknown to him.

The legal position of Germans now domiciled in the Protectorate as to their citizenship seems to be in need of clear definition. By Article 119 of the Peace Treaty Germany has renounced all sovereignty over her former colony of South-West Africa. The dominion of that territory is vested in the principal Allied and Associated Powers, who, in turn, have mandated the possession to the Union.

According to Chief Justice Abbott, U.S.A.: "A relinquishment of the government of a territory is a relinquishment of authority over the inhabitants of that territory"; and consequently it would appear—from the same authority—"the people comprising that state shall no longer be considered as subjects of the sovereign by which such a declaration was made."

Westlake, on "Private International Law," states (paragraph 298): "The cession of a British territory or the acknowledgment of its independence causes the loss of their British nationality by all persons domiciled within it at the date of cession."

If these authorities be accepted it would follow that Germans domiciled in South-West Africa owe no allegiance to and can claim no protection from Germany. In effect they are without a country whilst so domiciled. . . .

Article 22 of the Peace Treaty prescribes that South-West Africa can best be administered under the Union laws as an integral portion thereof.

In my judgment, this means that in the case of Germans domiciled in South-West Africa the existing laws of the Union governing naturalization should be applied, subject only to such

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minor modification of details as the special circumstances demand. The grave departure from the ordinary law, recommended in the Report, does not appear to be justified by the reasons advanced therein.

I am of opinion too that all aliens should be treated alike with respect to naturalization, and that it is not sound politics, international or domestic, to discriminate between aliens as to their admission to Union citizenship.

The foregoing outlines the main reasons why I consider the acquisition of Union citizenship by Germans domiciled in South-West Africa should be by personal application, as indicated in paragraph 14 of the Report (and in paragraph 15 referred to as "the first method").

(Signed) J. J. BYRON.

MEMORANDUM BY MR. C. T. M. WILCOCKS

IN a memorandum signed on December 4, 1920, Mr. Wilcocks, a member of the Commission, put forward certain interpretations of the duty of a mandatory toward the territory under its control and toward the League of Nations. Only the more important sections are here included.

8. With regard to the consideration of the further questions referred to your Commission, it appeared to me from the outset that there existed a fundamental difference between my view and the view held by the other members of the Commission of the relationship of the Union of South Africa as mandatory toward South-West Africa as mandated territory.

9. This difference of opinion was so marked during our discussions and manifested itself so pointedly in paragraph 3 of the Chairman's (Majority) Report, that I came to the conclusion that I could best fulfil my task by submitting to Your Royal Highness my own exposition of the matter.

10. In his address on matters concerning South-West Africa General the Right Honorable J. C. Smuts, the Prime Minister, said during the 1919 session of Parliament:

"The mandate had been intrusted to South Africa. It had been given in a formal resolution of the Supreme Council. The Government of South-West was intrusted to the Union of South Africa as expressed in the resolution.

"Now the question was, What were the terms of the trust under which they were to administer the country? There, again, there was no doubt, because the *general* terms were settled in Section 22 of the Peace Treaty. . . .

"But the formal document, setting out the authority of the Union in detail, had not been received. There was a hitch. But it did not touch South Africa. The definition had not for some reason or other been made by the Council of the League of Nations."

11. From this it appears:

(*a*) That the mandate over South-West Africa had been awarded to the Union of South Africa by a formal resolution of the Supreme Council of the League of Nations.

(*b*) That the Council had failed to issue any further directions in regard to the mandate and that, therefore, the only provisions in connection therewith were those contained in Article 22 of the Treaty of Peace.

(*c*) That even the formal document, containing the award of the mandate to the Union, had not been received.

12. However, the mandate was accepted by the Union Government in 1919, and an act (No. 49 of 1919) was passed for carrying into effect, in so far as concerns the Union of South Africa, the treaty of peace between His Majesty the King and certain other Powers, and for carrying into effect any mandate issued in pursuance of the treaty to the Union of South Africa with reference to the territory of South-West Africa, lately under the sovereignty of Germany. . . .

14. Subject to the provisions of the treaty of peace, the League of Nations is still at liberty to make conditions and limitations concerning the mandate powers, and regulations concerning the mandated territory of South-West Africa.

15. What has, however, been definitely settled in connection with the mandated territory is that "Germany relinquishes in favor of the Allied and Associated Powers all rights and title over her overseas possessions" (Article 119 of the Treaty of Peace), but that at the same time Article 22 of the Treaty of Peace provides:

(*a*) (Paragraph 1). That to those colonies and territories which, as a consequence of the late war, have ceased to be under the sovereignty of the states which formerly governed them and which are inhabited by peoples not yet able to stand by themselves . . . there should be applied the principle that the well-being and development of such peoples form a sacred trust of civilization, and that securities for the performance of this trust should be embodied in this Covenant.

(*b*) (Paragraph 2). That the best method of giving practical effect to this principle is that the tutelage of such peoples should be intrusted to advanced nations, who, by reasons of their resources, their experience, or geographical position, can best undertake this responsibility, and who are willing to accept it, and that this tutelage be exercised by them as mandatories on behalf of the League of Nations. . . .

(*d*) (Paragraph 6). That there are territories such as South-West Africa, etc., which, owing to the sparseness of their population or their remoteness from the center of civilization or their small size or their geographical contiguity to the territory of the mandatory, and other circumstances, can best be administered under the laws of the mandatory as integral portions of its territory. . . .

16. So that the relationship of the Union of South Africa as mandatory towards South-West Africa as mandated territory is that of a guardian toward his ward. This view is clearly confirmed by Article 22 of the Treaty of Peace; more particularly by the second paragraph of the said article. . . .

18. I consider it my duty to lay stress upon this, because I feel constrained to express my disapproval of the view which some people seem to hold, namely, that the mandate which has been granted to the Union is in fact nothing but a euphemism or camouflage for "annexation."

21. The question as to what should be the future form of government of South-West Africa as a mandated territory which can best be governed as an integral portion of the Union under the laws of the Union gives rise to a difficulty, viz.:

In the first place, because the League of Nations, from whom the mandate emanates, has up to the present time not said a word concerning the future government of the said or any other mandated territory; and secondly, because, so it appears to me, South-West Africa, with its inhabitants, is considered to be a minor, and not yet to possess the right to dispose of its own affairs.

22. In the case of communities formerly belonging to the Turkish Empire (Article 22, paragraph 4) the period for administrative advice and assistance by a mandatory is limited "until such time as they are able to stand alone." In this connection reference is even made to the wishes of the communities in the choice of their mandatory.

23. In that case the time of coming of age and the wishes of the mandated territory are rightly taken into consideration.

24. I conclude that it is contemplated that the time will arrive when South-West Africa will also have a say in regard to such an important question as the form of government for that territory.

25. Bearing in mind all the provisions of Article 22 of the Treaty of Peace concerning the territory which has been mandated by nothing more than a formal resolution, and fully appreciating that the German section of the population in South-West Africa have passed through a valley of the most painful humiliation, I am of opinion that it would be wise to follow a policy of the utmost patience, tact, discretion, and sympathy in the present and future administration of the mandated territory. . . .

(Signed) C. T. M. WILCOCKS

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Summer Book Supplement

The Progress of Poetry: England

By MARK VAN DOREN

A GOOD many Americans assume that contemporary English poetry is represented best, or even altogether, by the four volumes of "Georgian Poetry" which have appeared in London since November, 1912. Those volumes have youth and beauty and importance, but their covers inclose selections from less than a fourth of the living poets who are original and strong. While they have performed a remarkable service in their decade by advertising poetry in general and by drawing into their focus many diverse talents, they have achieved after all only a moderate diversity, and they have managed to miss a large number of the geniuses, who of course are not being drawn anywhere. The best poets in England, today as always, are individuals.

Four of the freshest are very old men. Thomas Hardy at 81 has really no rival alive. His five volumes of brief, entrapping lyrics, tales, and reveries from Wessex sun and gloom, together with his Napoleonic drama in three volumes, "The Dynasts," exhibit a vision of the deep earth and the wide sky which is neither old nor new, but profound. Profundity, a rare thing in English poetry, is not to be met with today in England outside of Mr. Hardy's honest, gnarled technique and luminous idiom. Drummer Hodge, a poem of the Boer War, will do for an example:

> They throw in Drummer Hodge, to rest
> Uncoffined—just as found:
> His landmark is a kopje-crest
> That breaks the veldt around:
> And foreign constellations west
> Each night above his mound.
>
> Young Hodge the Drummer never knew—
> Fresh from his Wessex home—
> The meaning of the broad Karoo,
> The Bush, the dusty loam,
> And why uprose to nightly view
> Strange stars amid the gloam.
>
> Yet portion of that unknown plain
> Will Hodge for ever be;
> His homely Northern breast and brain
> Grow to some Southern tree,
> And strange-eyed constellations reign
> His stars eternally.

Robert Bridges, poet-laureate, 77, is not great in any respect, but he is all pure poet, keeping himself busier at his own kind than at the official kind of verse. He has gained the respect of his juniors by a studious devotion to metrics and the art of language, while he has prepared for posterity a number of lyrics as cool and perfect as the present generation knows. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, 81, is an admirable specimen of his race. A country gentleman, a sportsman, an irreconcilable independent in politics and art, he has pursued an intermittent career in poetry which, though he calls it amateur, must be called by the soundest judges eminently intelligent and powerful. A rugged, straightforward humanness in his narratives and sonnet-sequences will increasingly recommend them. Charles M. Doughty, 78, is a literary curiosity of whom the younger English writers are fantastically proud. A famous traveler and writer on Arabia, at 63 he published in six volumes a blank-verse epic, "The Dawn in Britain," reconstructing, without sentiment and without charm, the Gaul and Britain of the first few centuries A. D.; and at intervals since he has put forth other poems of enormous, unreadable length. His un-Tennysonian style, so carefully archaic and bald and stiff, has a chance to be interesting long after the prettier trifles of the day are fallen into dust; his figure probably will prove unique.

These four men with their druidical age and authority are perhaps the priests, at any rate the pillars, of that modern world of poetry in which Tennysonianism and Swinburnianism have become impossible. Other men, younger by a generation, survive and represent the several fruitful movements of twenty years ago. William Butler Yeats and "Æ" still are supreme in Ireland; Arthur Symons in England continues the melancholy aestheticism of the 1890's; A. E. Housman, twenty-five years after the publication of his immensely influential little volume of pessimistic pastorals, "A Shropshire Lad," meditates a successor to it; and Rudyard Kipling, with Sir Henry Newbolt not far off, perpetrates patriotic balladry.

In 1912 all of these poets were virtually as venerable as they are now, and few new ones had risen to individual prominence. T. Sturge Moore since 1899 had been securing some attention with a steady succession of excellent though quiet pieces in a soberly ratiocinative, idyllic Greek manner, and Alfred Noyes had bled to exhaustion a promising narrative vein; there were no others. But a race of younger energetics was coming on, and Rupert Brooke, one of the youngest, suggested an anthology which should render the best of them better known and give proof of a renaissance. This became "Georgian Poetry, 1911-1912."

The really remarkable writers among those who since 1912 have been caught on the rise of their popularity by "Georgian Poetry" and made canonical can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Lascelles Abercrombie's dramatic blank verse is the most vivid and gorgeous of the century, a definite advance over the dilutions of Stephen Phillips. Gordon Bottomley's romantic tragedies have less color in their separate lines but more atmosphere around their wholes. They are beautifully pondered fragments of far-off, long-gone life. John Masefield has gone unrepresented in the "Georgian" volumes by any of those furiously rapid narrative pieces which have done more than anything else today to arouse wide interest in poetry, but his rich, rather rank lyricism has been done justice. Perhaps the most certain poet of them all is William H. Davies, that strange vagabond whose difficult life so little explains the perfection and the simplicity of his muse. It is somewhat less than fair to call him the Herrick of our day; for while he is as clean and sure a poet as he of the "Hesperides," he is also as original. Only in Thomas Hardy now do figures occur so naturally and so finally, is idiom used so unaccountably well, is observation so inimitable.

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Sweet Stay-at-Home, sweet Well-content,
Thou knowest of no strange continent:
Thou hast not felt thy bosom keep
A gentle motion with the deep;
Thou hast not sailed in Indian seas,
Where scent comes forth in every breeze.
Thou hast not seen the rich grape grow
For miles, as far as eyes can go;
Thou hast not seen a summer's night
When maids could sew by a worm's light;
Nor the North Sea in spring send out
Bright hues that like birds flit about
In solid cages of white ice—
Sweet Stay-at-Home, sweet Love-one-place.
Thou hast not seen black fingers pick
White cotton when the bloom is thick,
Nor heard black throats in harmony;
Nor hast thou sat on stones that lie
Flat on the earth, that once did rise
To hide proud kings from common eyes;
Thou hast not seen plains full of bloom
Where green things had such little room
They pleased the eye like fairer flowers—
Sweet Stay-at-Home, all these long hours.
Sweet Well-content, sweet Love-one-place,
Sweet, simple maid, bless thy dear face;
For thou hast made more homely stuff
Nurture thy gentle self enough;
I love thee for a heart that's kind—
Not for the knowledge in thy mind.

Rupert Brooke was bold and facile; Walter De La Mare, in two or three pieces like The Linnet, but not in his glib remainder, achieves a beautiful, decent clarity; Ralph Hodgson, in The Bull, has enchanting energy; the rest of the Georgians, with the possible exception of James Stephens of sprightly Irish fame, can be done without. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson is prosaic, while John Drinkwater, Harold Monro, and J. C. Squire only practice and perpetuate what has come to be too well known as the Georgian manner—lucid, competent, trivial. The last two volumes of the series have lost by ignoring the delicate work of Edward Thomas, friend and follower of Robert Frost.

To be specific, the Georgian story of contemporary verse leaves out of account four whole departments: the women poets, the translators, the imagists, and the satirists.

Among women poets, now that Mary Coleridge and Michael Field are dead, Alice Meynell, author of The Shepherdess and other matchless songs, probably stands highest. Mrs. Meynell is older than Margaret L. Woods, and less sumptuous, but fresher and more unmistakable. In the new generation Anna Wickham is notable for "muscular, clean, fierce precision," and Charlotte Mew for a unique style in monologue, concentrated, fascinating, irregular, intense. Charlotte Mew's one book, "The Farmer's Bride" (1916), containing seventeen irreducible poems, has recently been reprinted with eleven other poems as "Saturday Market," and may be expected, even without further additions, to make a place for itself in that precious domain of literature occupied by Emily Brontë and Emily Dickinson.

Translation, so important for the food it furnishes to growing poetry, is at its most useful today less in Gilbert Murray, whose famous versions of Euripides run on with an eloquence like Swinburne's, than in a number of persons who work with less-known, perhaps minor material, with the brief, perfect poems of classical China and Japan and of ancient Greece. It is not to Gilbert Murray's heroic couplets that the subtlest poets are going to school, but to the finely cadenced prose or free verse of Arthur Waley's translations from the Chinese and Japanese, E. Powys Mathers's from the Chinese, Japanese, Sanskrit, Afghan, Hindustan, Burmese, Persian, Turkish, Arabic, and Kurdish, of Edward Storer's and Richard Aldington's from Sappho and the Greek Anthology, of "H. D.'s" from the choruses of Euripides, of F. S. Flint's and Ezra Pound's from the modern French, and of Ezra Pound's from the Chinese and the Provençal. If it be objected that this is the raw material of poetry rather than poetry itself in finished form, the answer is—an American, Ezra Pound, has made it most brilliantly—that raw material is precisely the needed thing today. The Tennysonians and Swinburnians have all the finish that can be desired, and little else. Translators like those who have been named scrape the varnish and discover the grain. It is salutary for any generation of poets to learn that poetry has meaning as well as form, stuff as well as style. Ezra Pound goes so far as to imply that poetry is never good when it loses by translation. This may be partly false, since it proves Milton poor, but it is also partly true. It explains why William H. Davies is a better poet than Walter De La Mare, and why Thomas Hardy is the best of all; it reminds how necessary it is for literature to meet the eye and the intelligence no less than the custom-loving ear.

It often has been remarked that a good deal of imagist poetry reads like translation, and indeed the connection is close, for several notable translators in the past decade have also been notable imagists—Richard Aldington, the American "H. D." (now a resident of England), F. S. Flint, and Ezra Pound. Ezra Pound, who in 1912 managed to agree on certain poetic principles with "H. D." and Richard Aldington, and who with F. S. Flint in 1913 contributed to the Chicago magazine, *Poetry*, a classical list of "don'ts" for careful poets, is usually spoken of as the father of the imagist school in England. He is not that, although his has been the wittiest and most influential intelligence supporting the cause of concentration, concreteness, directness, visuality, rhythmical freedom—in a word, raw material—in poetry. F. S. Flint in 1915 demonstrated that the school was really in formation as far back as 1908, before Ezra Pound left America for England, when Mr. Flint was in the habit of meeting with Edward Storer, T. E. Hulme, and others to discuss French poetry and common sense. T. E. Hulme was by all accounts a suggestive talker, but he left only five poems, one of which, called The Embankment, "the fantasia of a fallen gentleman on a cold, bitter night," deserves quotation for a keenness quite characteristic of the school at its best:

Once, in finesse of fiddles found I ecstasy,
In the flash of gold heels on the hard pavement.
Now see I
That warmth's the very stuff of poesy.
Oh, God, make small
The old star-eaten blanket of the sky,
That I may fold it round me and in comfort lie.

The school, one regrets to say, has not often been at its best, or even at its rather good. It has professed an aversion to unnecessary rhetoric and dim diction, but F. S. Flint has frequently split hairs, Richard Aldington been elegiac or eloquent, D. H. Lawrence sprawled, and Ford Madox Hueffer, on the whole an admirable poet, rambled. All of these have written memorable free verse, yet none has been so

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consistently compact or efficient as "H. D." (Hilda Doolittle, wife of Richard Aldington). "H. D." never has a word too many. With two or three severe phrases, in the tiniest pin-prick of a poem, she can spread out a boundless froth of sea-coast:

> Whirl up, sea—
> Whirl your pointed pines,
> Splash your great pines
> On our rocks,
> Hurl your green over us,
> Cover us with your pools of fir.

The school, as a school, refusing contact as it does with the fund of allusion which tradition furnishes, is limited, and may have short life. But it has done much clean and necessary work of a kind which the "Georgian" books have inadequately recognized; it has hated pretty nonsense with the thoroughness of the brighter satirical times.

Without any doubt there is a future for satire in English poetry, and it cannot be safely denied that the more or less immediate future will be predominantly satirical. Ezra Pound is an imagist, but he is more particularly a satirist, and another American poet living in England, T. S. Eliot, is all but purely a satirist-diabolist. If these two men, with their insistent reminders of France and Greece, are further-reaching as critics than as poets—they are perhaps the two most stimulating critics now practicing in London—yet they have made much effective fun in verse (witness The Garden, The Hippopotamus, Sunday Morning Service, Mr. Apollinax, The Boston *Evening Transcript,* or those darker deviltries, Portrait of a Lady and The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock), and signs can be found that their humor is catching on. Is not Aldous Huxley's "Leda," with what Dr. Johnson would have called its metaphysical wit, the most rousing book of verse, if at places the most nauseous, in months, and are not the best portions of it riotously critical: Jonah, the four Philosopher's Songs, Frascati's, and that cross-section of the contemporary futilitarian mind, Soles Occidere et Redire Possunt? "Wheels," the annual shocker-anthology in which Aldous Huxley has been appearing since 1917, has in no sense produced him, for most of its other contributors —the Sitwell family, for instance—have been dreary. Only his own intelligence, representative, it may be hoped, of a general intelligence which waits in the air, needing nothing save to be liberated and improved for wider audiences, is responsible for a phenomenon like the First Philosopher's Song:

> A poor degenerate from the ape,
> Whose hands are four, whose tail's a limb,
> I contemplate my flaccid shape
> And know I may not rival him,
>
> Save with my mind—a nimbler beast
> Possessing a thousand sinewy tails,
> A thousand hands, with which it scales,
> Greedy of luscious truth, the greased
>
> Poles and the coco palms of thought,
> Thrids easily through the mangrove maze
> Of metaphysics, walks the taut
> Frail dangerous liana ways
>
> That link across wide gulfs remote
> Analogies between tree and tree;
> Outruns the hare, outhops the goat;
> Mind fabulous, mind sublime and free!
>
> But oh, the sound of simian mirth!
> Mind, issued from the monkey's womb,
> Is still umbilical to earth,
> Earth its home and earth its tomb.

The Race of Reviewers

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

As a reviewer of books, my experience has been lengthy rather than considerable. It is, indeed, precisely twenty-two years since I wrote my first review, which ended, naturally, with the words "a good book to read of a winter evening before a roaring fire." I remember them because the publishers, who are lovers of platitudes, quoted them, to my deep gratification, and perhaps because I had seen them before. Since then I have reviewed at least twice as many books as there are years in this record—about as many, I suppose, as a book-page war-horse in racing trim could do in a month, or a week. My credentials are not impressive in this category, but perhaps they will suffice.

As an author, my claim to enter upon this self-contained symposium which I am about to present is somewhat stronger. Authors, of course, read all the reviews of their books, even that common American variety which runs like the telegraphic alphabet: quote—summarize—quote—quote —summarize—quote, and so on up to five dollars worth, space rates. I have read all the reviews of my books except those which clipping bureaus seeking a subscription or kind friends wishing to chastise vicariously have neglected to send me. As an author I can speak with mingled feelings, but widely, of reviews.

Editorially my experience has been equally poignant. For ten years I have read reviews, revised and unrevised, in proof and out of it. I have cut reviews that needed cutting and meekly endured the curses of the reviewer. I have printed conscientiously reviews that had better been left unwritten, and held my head bloody but unbowed up to the buffets of the infuriated authors. As an editor I may say that I am at home, though not always happy, with reviewing and reviewers.

And now, when in one of those rare moments of meditation which even New York permits I ask myself why does every man or woman with the least stir of literature in them wish to review books, my trinitarian self—critic, author, editor—holds high debate. For a long time I have desired to fight it out, and find, if it can be found, the answer.

As an author, I have a strong distaste for reviewing. In the creative mood of composition, or in weary relaxation, reviewing seems the most ungrateful of tasks. Nothing comes whole to a reviewer. Half of every book must elude him, and the other half he must compress into snappy phrases. I watch him working upon that corpus, which so lately was a thing of life and movement—my book—and see that he cannot lift it; that he must have some hand-hold to grip it by—my style or my supposed interest in the Socialist Party, or the fact that I am a professor or a Roman Catholic. Unless he can get some phrase that will explain the characters of my women, the length of my sentences, and the moral I so carefully hid in the last chapter, he is helpless. Sometimes I find him running for a column without finding a gate to my mind, and then giving it up in mid-paragraph. Sometimes he gets inside, but dashes for the

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exit sign and is out before I know what he thinks. Sometimes he finds an idea to his liking, wraps up in it, and goes to sleep.

I recognize his usefulness. I take his hard raps meekly and even remember them when next I begin to write. I do not hate him much when he tells the public not to read me. There is always the chance that he is right for *his* public; not, thank heavens, for mine. I am furious only when it is clear that he has not read me himself. But I cannot envy him. It is so much more agreeable to make points than to find them. It is so much easier, if you have a little talent, to build some kind of an engine that will run than to explain what precise fault prevents it from being the best. When I am writing a book I cannot understand the mania for criticism that seems to infect the majority of the literary kind.

As a reviewer I must again confess, although as an editor I may bitterly regret the confession, that the passion for reviewing is almost inexplicable. Reviewing has the primal curse of hard labor upon it. You must do two kinds of work at once, and be adequately rewarded for neither. First you must digest another man's conception, assimilate his ideas, absorb his imagination. It is like eating a cold dinner on a full stomach. And then when you have eaten and digested, you must tell how you feel about it—briefly, cogently, and in words that cannot be misunderstood. Furthermore, your feelings must be typical, must represent what a thousand stomachs will feel, or should feel, or could feel if they felt at all, or instead of being hailed as a critic you will be accused of dyspepsia.

The mere mental labor of picking up the contents of a book as you proceed with your criticism, and tucking them in here and there where they fit, is so great that, speaking as a reviewer, I should give up reviewing if there were no more compelling reasons than requests to write criticism. There are, there must be; and still speaking as a reviewer I begin to glimpse one or two of them. Revenge is not one. Critics have written for revenge, quoting gleefully "O that mine enemy would write a book!" Pope is our classic example. But publishers have made that form of literary vendetta unprofitable nowadays, and I am glad they have done so. Much wit, but little criticism, has been inspired by revenge. Furthermore, I notice in my own case, and my editorial self confirms the belief, that the reviewer craves books to extol, not books to condemn. He is happiest when his author is sympathetic to his own temperament. Antipathetic books must be forced upon him.

Which leads me to the further conclusion that the prime motive for reviewing is the creative instinct. We all of us have it, all of the literary folk who make up a most surprising proportion of every community in the United States. It works on us constantly. Sometimes it comes to a head and then we do a story or a poem, an essay or a book; but in the meantime it is constantly alive down below, drawn toward every sympathetic manifestation without, craving self-expression and, in default of that, expression by others. If a book is in us we write; if it is not, we seize upon another man's child, adopt it as ours, talk of it, learn to understand it, let it go reluctantly with our blessing, and depart vicariously satisfied. That is the hope, the ever-renewed hope, with which the besotted reviewer takes up reviewing.

The creative instinct indeed is sexed, like the human that possesses it. It seeks a mystical union with the imaginings of others. The poet, the novelist, the essayist, seek the mind of the reader; the critic seeks the mind of the writer. That we get so much bad reviewing is due to incompatibility of temperament or gross discrepancy in the mating intellects. Yet reviewers (and authors), like lovers, hope ever for the perfect match.

I know one critic who tore his review in pieces because it revealed the charlatanism of his beloved author. I know an author who burnt his manuscript because his friend and critic had misunderstood him. I see a thousand reviews (and have written several of them) where book and reviewer muddle along together like the partners of everyday marriages. But next time, one always hopes, it will be different.

As an editor, I confess that I view all this effusion with some distrust. One plain fact stands high and dry above the discussion: books are being published daily, and someone must tell the busy and none too discriminating public what they are worth—not to mention the librarians who are so engaged in making out triple cards and bibliographies and fitting titles to vague recollections that they have no time left to read. Furthermore, if reviewing is a chore at worst, and at best a desire to gratify a craving for the unappeasable, editing reviews is still more chorelike, and seeking the unobtainable—a good review for every good book—is quite as soul-exhausting as the creative instinct.

And, again as an editor, the perfect marriage of well attuned minds is well enough as an ideal, but as a practicable achievement I find myself more often drawn toward what I should call the liaison function of a reviewer. The desire to be useful (since we have excluded the desire to make money as a major motive) is, I believe, an impulse which very often moves the reviewer. The instinct to teach, to reform, to explain, to improve lies close to the heart of nine out of ten of us. It is commoner than the creative instinct. When it combines with it, one gets a potential reviewer.

The reviewer as a liaison officer is a homelier description than soul affinity or intellectual mate, but it is quite as honorable. Books (to the editor) represent, each one of them, so much experience, so much thought, so much imagination differently compounded in story, poem, tractate on science, history, or play. Each is a man's most luminous self in words, ready for others. Who wants it? Who can make use of it? Who will be dulled by it? Who exalted? It is the reviewer's task to say. He grasps the book, estimates it, calculates its audience. Then he makes the liaison. He explains, he interprets, and in so doing necessarily criticizes, abstracts, appreciates. The service is inestimable, when properly rendered. It is essential for that growing literature of knowledge which science and the work of specialists in all fields have given us. Few readers can face alone and unaided a shelf of books on radio-activity, evolution, psychology, or sociology with any hope of selecting without guidance the best, or with any assurance that they dare reject as worthless what they do not understand. The house of the interpreter has become the literary journal, and its usefulness will increase.

A liaison of a different kind is quite as needful in works of sheer imagination. Here the content is human, the subject the heart, or life as one sees it. But reading, like writing, is a fine art that few master. Only the most sensitive, whose minds are as quick as their emotions are responsive, can go to the heart of a poem or a story. They need an interpreter, a tactful interpreter, who will give them the key and let them find their own chamber. Or who will wave them away from the door, or advise a brief sojourn.

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To an editor such an interpreter is an ideal reviewer. He will desire to be useful, and passionately attempt it. He will feel his responsibility first to art and next to the public, and then to his author, and last (as an editor I whisper it) to the publisher. Reviewers forget the author and the public. Their mandate comes from art (whose representative in the flesh is, or should be, the editor). But their highest service is to make a liaison between the reader and his book.

And the conclusion of this debate is, I think, a simple one. Reviewing is a major sport, fascinating precisely because of its difficulty, compelling precisely because it appeals to strong instincts. For most of us it satisfies that desire to work for some end which we ourselves approve, regardless of costs. The editor, sardonically aware of a world that refuses to pay much for what men do to please themselves or to reform others, sees here his salvation, and is thankful.

Canopus

By CLEMENT WOOD

UP from the smooth dust of the road they turned.
The shivery spider cables spread a net
Across the climbing path that teased and burned
Their faces, which the dew-sprayed leaves left wet;
Defenseless cheeks were clawed by trespassing bramble
And vagabonding sumach. Their fingers met,
Anchors to steady each unsteady scramble.

Their nervous feet struck stones, that toppled over
The terraced outcrop, and, at last let loose,
Clattered to rest against stray tufts of clover.
Boughs broke off in their grasp, and were no use,
And underneath the brittle twigs snapped shrill.
At length the firmer sassafras and spruce
Gave hand-holds as they met the steeper hill.

"We'll rest." He wiped an arm across a brow
Fouled with the twitching spider-web, and leant
Against a low dead stump, steadying now
Her passage toward him, much as though he meant
To hold the pressure till her breathless face
Encountered his; then, suddenly continent,
He loosed her hand. She poised in the dark place,

Her heart pounding, gasping as though distressed.
She smoothed a dampened, restless strand of hair.
A smile colored her echoing words: "We'll rest.
It *is* steep." Then they sniffed the thinner air,
Sharply brought closer, as the conquered rise
Made clear that they at length had mounted where
There were no more of censoring city eyes.

The isolation was a sudden thrust
Cleaving them, like a whispered word of warning.
He brushed ahead; a startled smoke of dust
Trailed like a widening curtain. Quickly scorning
The stiff precipitous way, she followed higher
Through crushing shadow and jutting branch, adorning
This path that pointed toward an unseen fire.

Partly to dull two fires—the one that charred
Her cheeks, the one still deeper—she called out:
"You think we'll see it?" He was climbing hard,
So far ahead, his answer was a shout.
"I think we may." He waited, eyes uncertain,
Until her sky-lit face came near, to rout
The dark, as daybreak tears night's shadowy curtain.

He guided to the summit. Fingers tingled
Uneasily, driven thoughts clung and caressed;
The sharp throbs of their breathing met and mingled.
She sank in a grass cushion on the crest,
Content to forget far fire and its far arc.
She settled into a tender bladed nest,
His body lengthened upward in the dark,

Or so it seemed to her. "It's nearly ten;
An hour, and it should clear the horizon haze,
Squatting right above Sand Mountain. Then
It's ours, if the cloudy August heaven plays
No tricks." He held a tree-trunk close, instead
Of something longed for; she leaned in a daze,
Smoothing her knee as if it had been a head.

"A visitor," he thought aloud, "who takes
One burning, scornful look, and never more.
He leaves to flutter over Andean lakes,
To halve the sky of some lost, jungled shore,
To flame with the Southern Cross and Sirius,
Raining hot madness on lush midnight brakes,
Gilding chill seas, frigid, unamorous."

She pondered. "You have seen him?" "Once," he said,
"As I saw Mercury once, a golden bubble
Poised just above the dawn's disheveled bed,
For one pale glimpse." Her fingers clutched the stubble
Lying beneath them, clawed it from its home;
She held her voice level with much trouble.
"What are the stars but flecks of fiery foam—"

"What are the stars but sources of that flame
That burns and scorches in the stifling sun,
That flares in us—" His gesturing fingers came
Across hers suddenly, trembled, as if to run
In panic from a long suspected danger,
Then calmed into a hot oblivion,
Clasping her own, knowing her hand no stranger.

The night's mysterious wings pulsed through the dark,
The night's mysterious noises cracked and shivered,
And where their fingers met a visible spark
Seemed to leap forth at them, and pulsed and quivered
Throughout them both. Their thickened tongues were dumb,
The pretty words of star-lore undelivered,
The pretty words that found no breath could come.

He sank into the stubble by her side,
Leaving a blankness in the upper night;
His lips leant in their urgency of pride
Towards her eyes, that made the blackness bright.
His lips spoke only to the reddened cheek,
And settled to a long-denied delight
Upon the goal they had not dared to seek.

There was a gasping silence on the crest,
While the wind whined and the thin stars passed over;

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There was a gasping rapture in each breast,
And her will bent as wind bends low the clover.
And a flame rose to its magnificent noon,
And a flame vanished. Each exalted lover
Felt the mad ecstasy and the piercing tune

Of love higher than hills that brush the sky,
Of love fiercer than suns that whiten space,
Die in their high magnificence, yet die
To a still radiance in the friendly place
That seemed to promise higher ecstasy
Forever stamped on each beloved's face,
Telling them: "This is immortality."

Unseen, while love's proud beacon flared and swept
Across their hearts, a sudden sullen glow
Had lifted over the hill beyond, and crept,
Diminishing yet brightening, in slow
And stately curving path so high, and then
Bent back toward the dimness, slid below
The unlit bulk of the huge hills again.

Without a word they knew it. His face burning,
"We can return"; but they knew, at his word,
That there are paths that do not know returning;
And as their downward-stumbling footsteps stirred
The stony steep, the roadway dust, the gray
And morning hush, each rustle made or heard
Sang to them they had found the starrier way.

Prohibition Ditties

By L. L.

I

I cannot get a cocktail
Anywhere I go.
Are the clouds going to drop on me
That hang so low?

They're shooting men in Hungary,
Ireland's bright with blood,
Red hell comes streaming from the war
That was to do us good.

Love's at the world's end.
How shall a man get
A little bit of ecstasy
To make his soul forget?

II

We used to drink the red wine
At a little inn.
Now we sip at ginger-ale;
Drinking wine is sin.

The world is stale. We common folks
Have much more work than fun.
I think I'll slit your throat, my dear,
To see the red blood run.

The sixth article in The Contemporary American Novelists series will be on James Branch Cabell and will appear in next week's issue.

Books

Myth, Historian, and Psychologist

The Mythology of All Races. Vol. XI. Latin-American. By Hartley Burr Alexander. Marshall Jones Company.

THIS handsome and well-illustrated book is a companion volume to Professor Alexander's work on American mythology north of Mexico, which appeared in the same series a number of years ago. It covers the whole of Mexico, Central America, and South America in ten readable chapters, all carefully documented. Nowhere can one obtain so connected and so dependable a survey of the religious beliefs and practices and of the more important myths of aboriginal Latin America. The author has not trusted himself to elaborate theories of diffusion or of psychological genesis. He is satisfied with a sober, summary record of the facts to be gleaned from the old Spanish writers and from the more recent ethnological sources. Here and there he indulges in a bit of psychological or ethical inference—a little naively perhaps, as when a Fuegian taboo against the killing of young ducks is thus commented on: "Primitive as they are, here are moral ideas—whether one explain, reconditely, the sparing of the young of game as an instinctive conservation of the food supply, or, simply, as due to a natural and chivalrous pity for the helpless young." I doubt if what we know of the nature and history of irrational beliefs lends color to such rationalizing interpretations as these.

The general public will be particularly thankful to Mr. Alexander for his ethnological backgrounds. Thus, in treating of the gods and myths of old Mexico, he is careful to give us an idea of the somber setting of human sacrifice and of the complicated calendric reckoning, here, as elsewhere, closely associated with the course of ceremonial observances. The book might almost be called an introduction to the native culture of Latin America through the gateway of mythology. It would be too much to expect infallible accuracy of the author. Not marshaling the evidence at first hand, he necessarily falls at times into over-statement or under-statement. In speaking, for instance, of the Piman group of languages, spoken in southern Arizona and in the northern half of Mexico, he remarks that "it forms a possible connexion between the Shoshonean to the north and the Nahuatlan nations of the Aztec world." The "possible" is rather discomforting at this late day. It has been quite conclusively demonstrated not merely that Piman is a linguistic link between Shoshonean and Aztec but that definite phonetic laws may be formulated connecting Aztec with the outermost Shoshonean dialects of Idaho and Wyoming, laws that operate with the same tyrannical exactness as we look for in a comparison of Latin and Sanskrit. However, environing ethnological and linguistic details are of lesser moment in a volume of this sort.

The psychoanalysts latterly have pushed myth, primitive taboo, and other spiritual vagaries of the folk into the foreground of attention. This is therefore as good an opportunity as any of touching upon some of the fundamental points at issue. What shall we make of all these myths? Are these plumed serpents, swallowing monsters, virginal births, and deluges of no other than casual significance? Why do so many of these conceptions persist with an almost obsessive tenacity and why are so many of them world-wide in their distribution?

There are two methods of approach, the psychological and the historical. The psychologist takes a given myth pretty much for granted as a reasonably self-consistent psychic formation. It does not readily occur to him, for instance, to question whether character and incident have always been associated or whether the grouping of incidents is not a cumulative growth, a pastiche of elements that originally existed in independent form. If once he allowed himself to entertain destructive notions of this sort, he would gradually have his data slipping from under his hand. His psychological formulas of interpretation might be ever so

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Between Bolshevism and War, by THORSTEIN VEBLEN. (May 25 issue. The writer's first article in a long time.)

American Social Ideals, by LOUIS F. POST. (In May 18 issue.)

Book reviews by Conrad Aiken, John Gould Fletcher, Padraic Colum, Harold Kellock, Carleton J. H. Hayes, Robert H. Lowie, John Macy, Henry B. Fuller, Daniel Gregory Mason, Edward Sapir, etc.

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relevant, but they would be helpless salt for the tails of mythic birds. Just as biblical mythology fitted into a neat exegetical frame until the advent of a higher criticism, so the successful application of these psychological formulas, Wundtian or Freudian, to any myth structure tacitly depends on the withholding of a preliminary historical critique. We can only begin to interpret when we have come to the end of our analysis.

The historical student of myth insists on destructive analysis. He is not content to take a myth as it is. He finds that it is generally a synthesis of several elements, each of which has its own historical antecedents, its independent affiliations. The same element may occur in the most diverse settings, pointing to mutually irreconcilable significances. Over and above, or rather beneath, the geographical distribution of myths as such he can work out the more pervasive distribution of the elements, the materials that are assembled into an endless variety of myth patterns. To the interpretative psychologist he can always put the question: How do you know that this myth or even this fragmentary episode is in any true sense a single psychic creation? How can you establish a psychic sequence underlying the myth when the association of its elements is historically fortuitous?

The crux is not sharp because historian and psychologist fall somewhat foul of each other. Obviously, history and psychology are not born enemies, they are such only in action. They could come to terms if they came truly to grips instead of scolding at each other over a barrier of misunderstanding. The historian too often believes that he has exhausted the significance of a phenomenon when he has established its place in a sequence, worked out its external relations, and indicated its lease of life. He dismisses the psychologist's fancies as irrelevant to the historical process, though he may enjoy them as projections of an imaginative mind. To the charge that his history gives no ultimate explanation of the rise and development of a myth or of any other socialized notion or institution, he is likely to answer that it is none of history's business to ferret out the buried psychological determinants of the significant elements of a culture, that these determinants are at last analysis highly variable phenomena of individual psychology, that it is hopeless to disentangle them at a remove of hundreds or thousands of years.

All this does not and should not silence the psychologist who looks for a specifically psychological motivation and content in mythology. Before he fastens upon these, however, he should more clearly apprehend the difficulties in his way. Two problems in particular must be faced. At what point in the analysis of a myth does the psychological mode of interpretation become possible or even hopeful? And, secondly, how can we advance from the known psychology of the individual to that diffused psychological content that inheres or seems to inhere in the myth as a socially transmitted entity? What, precisely, does it mean that certain myths, historical growths of the "folk mind," exhibit analogies to individual dreams or to the deranged fancies of abnormal minds? Have they—as history, as institutions—necessarily the same unconscious psychic significance that they may possess as dream or as psychotic symptom? Does the history of the cross as an art motif run strictly parallel to the history of the cross as a religious symbol? Does either history fully contain or explain the other, or are they not rather independent, though intertwined? And is the psychic significance of the cross the same to all minds, even to all believing minds? To ask these parallel questions is, I believe, to see the psychology of myth in a fresher and more fruitful light.

The psychologist is right to seek psychology in myth, but his interpretations may be none the less misleading because of his historical naivete. The truth would seem to be that there is not one psychology of mythology but that there are at least two such psychologies. One of these is concerned with the ultimate psychic determinants of cultural form. This is at bottom the same selective and creative psychology as operates in the history of art. Myths are not isolated formations. They differ characteristically for different times and places largely because they tend to conform to certain typical patterns. To assume that these characteristic differences are directly due to deep-seated differences of psychology of the myth-making folk is too naive for serious consideration. The cumulative psychology of myth as a particular social pattern is the kind of psychology that the historian of myth would most need to know about, yet it is the one that the psychologist is least able to render an account of. It is the psychology which will some day underlie the study of all culture-history, for it manifests itself across the generations in a persistent striving for and perfecting of form, eventually in the disintegration and replacement of this form. To capture the very citadel of the psychoanalysts, we may say that the first requisite of a psychological understanding of mythology—of other phases of culture as well—is the discovery of a social psychology of "form-libido." Psychology is still too weak to know how to go about the task. In the beginning a science is qualitative, almost exclusively concerned with subject matter; only later does it envisage its problems mathematically and apprehend quantities, direction, form.

The second psychology of myth deals with the psychic significance, conscious or unconscious, of the single elements of mythology. Now if the history of culture teaches us anything, it is that while forms tend to persist, the psychic significance of these forms varies tremendously from age to age and from individual to individual. There is no permanency of psychic content. This content may diminish or increase in intensity or it may become completely transformed. It may be transferred from one form to another, and it is the psychoanalysts who should know this best of all. I believe that to reason from the "latent psychic content" of certain dreams or neurotic symptoms to the psychic motivation of formally analogous myths is loose thinking. Symbols, like other accepted forms, are ready to receive whatever psychic content the individual psychology or the social psychology of a given time and place is prepared to put into them. Myths may or may not have been motivated by certain unconscious psychic trends, but it is difficult to understand how they could indefinitely keep their significance as symbols of these trends. It seems much more reasonable to suppose that there is in myth no such constancy of symbolic significance as many of the psychoanalytic school assume but that the history of myth can be chiefly understood from the standpoint of the more general psychology of form-trends. Sexual or other symbolisms are likely, of course, to arise as secondary interpretations or unconscious contributory potencies in the mind of an individual or, by suggestion, of a society. Origin is not to be lightly inferred from the mere fact of unconscious association.

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"Exposition of the Gospel of St. Matthew," which she, in her girlhood, pronounced "a very fine book indeed . . . just plain and comprehensible and full of truth and good feeling," and beyond which her literary appreciation never advanced; and of this biographer's indiscreetness she would have no doubt.

Mr. Strachey is not concerned with the individual as a product of "social forces" or a manifestation of the Zeitgeist. His dominant interest is in human personality for itself, and he is gifted in remarkable degree with the dramatic sense of the self-revealing in word and deed. By a masterly manipulation of the calcium lights he permits Victoria, in her progress through life, to show us what manner of person he conceives her to have been.

He presents to us a woman of peculiar sincerity and constant goodness. That quality of absolute truthfulness which the Baroness Lehzen discovered in her five-year-old charge remained Victoria's through life. It is apparent throughout the journal in which, from childhood, she recorded her daily doings. It was largely responsible for those breaches of constitutional etiquette of which she was guilty more than once. She never acquired that faculty of concealing her personal feelings and opinions on questions of state which the ideal constitutional monarch must possess. She was too sincere to play a part of any kind. Forthright in all her dealings and astonishingly outspoken, "she moved through life with the imposing certitude of one to whom concealment was impossible." When, a child of twelve, she was informed of the exalted destiny in store for her, she said "I will be good," and she kept her word. Perhaps early in her reign, under the spell of Lord Melbourne's personality, there was a season of hesitation. Mr. Strachey thinks so. "Humanity and fallibility are infectious things; was it possible that Lehzen's prim pupil had caught them? That she was beginning to listen to siren voices? That the secret impulses of self-expression, of self-indulgence even, were mastering her life? For a moment the child of a new age looked back, and wavered towards the eighteenth century. It was the most critical moment of her career." But if the eighteenth century did indeed beckon to her, she was rescued from its lures by Albert and the solid joys of domesticity. There was no more wavering; Victoria and moral excellence became synonymous. And fortunate was this for the cause of royalty in England, for the insane George III, the disreputable George IV, and the preposterous William IV had put the monarchical sentiment of the English people to a severe test.

Mr. Strachey throws Victoria's intellectual limitations into strong relief. Unlike the Prince Consort she had no taste for learning, and she stood quite apart from the intellectual currents of her reign. Her style of writing was naively vigorous, but Mr. Strachey does not exaggerate in calling it "utterly unliterary." One of the bits of new information that he has gathered from private sources is that it was Gladstone's custom to open meetings of his Cabinet by reading aloud the letters he had received from the Queen on questions of the moment. "The assembly sat in absolute silence while, one after another, the royal missives, with their emphases, their ejaculations, and their grammatical peculiarities, boomed forth in all the deep solemnity of Mr. Gladstone's utterance." If Victoria took any interest in the profound industrial transformation of her time, it was merely a reflex of Albert's intelligent appreciation of it. She enjoyed theatrical performances, but her preference was for plays of a farcical character. She relished the funny and the grotesque—"she had been one of the very few persons who had always been able to appreciate the Prince Consort's jokes"—but she was totally devoid of a sense of humor. Of this the unremitting seriousness with which she took herself and the prodigious amount of her unproductive exertion in affairs of state are abundant evidence.

The Prince Consort plays inevitably a leading role in Mr. Strachey's drama, and the representation of him is very striking. Albert on the eve of his marriage, sustained by a stern sense of duty to endure the high fate that awaits him, is a masterpiece of that irony in which Mr. Strachey excels. Albert's industry was more productive than Victoria's; during the years when he was uncrowned king the personal authority of the sovereign was greater than it had been since the first part of the reign of George III or than it ever has been since. Mr. Strachey has some suggestive reflections to make on what might have been had the Prince lived to old age.

All of the characters that are introduced are brilliantly drawn. Lord Melbourne, the "autumn rose" of the eighteenth century, more liberal in his private life than in his politics, with his strange taste for theology, and his mysterious past, is a triumph in the delineation of personality. So is Lord Palmerston, with his dyed whiskers and queer metallic laugh reminiscent of Pitt and the Congress of Vienna, the bane of Victoria and Albert's existence, the enfant terrible of all the continental chancelleries. Disraeli is unforgettable—the adventurer and charlatan, applying to the "Faery" his outrageous flatteries with a trowel that "seemed to assume the qualities of some lofty masonic symbol." Even the lesser dramatis personae are all characters, not mere names.

Mr. Strachey has spared himself no pains to make himself master of his subject, as his bibliography and footnotes show. The use of parts of the unpublished manuscript of the "Greville Memoirs" in the British Museum and private information have enabled him to present some hitherto unknown facts and to throw some fresh light on incidents in the Queen's career. But it is as a study in human personalities that his book will be judged by the public. How far it is history let scholars contend.

ROBERT LIVINGSTON SCHUYLER

A New Individualism

Le Nouveau Contrat Social ou L'Organisation de la Démocratie individualiste. Par Henri Lambert. Brussels: Maurice Lamertin. Paris: Félix Alcan.

THE fact that capitalist property has assumed a monopolist form—pointed out more than seventy years ago by Karl Marx and Frederick Engels in the Communist Manifesto—is fully recognized by the author of a remarkable book just published, which will provide Liberals, if they will avail themselves of the opportunity, with the principles and the program that they lack. It is the first attempt that has been made to formulate a scheme for the reorganization of society on an individualist basis. And that is what Liberals have to do if they wish to justify their existence. If they are merely to be defenders of the existing social order, there is nothing to distinguish them from conservatives. If, on the other hand, they do not defend the existing social order, they cannot become socialists unless they have an alternative system of social reorganization to propose. M. Henri Lambert, the author of the book, has already made valuable contributions to the study of economic questions. He is a Belgian "captain of industry" and it is his pride to describe himself as "Maître de Verreries à Charleroi." It is, then, a capitalist and employer of labor who proposes this drastic and radical reform of the existing capitalist system.

M. Lambert is as convinced as any socialist that the existing system is indefensible, and he believes that, unless it is speedily changed, it will lead to social revolution as inevitably as it has led to war. "Privileges and monopolies," he says, "have impregnated it with an inevitable tendency to antagonisms, not to say brigandages." He sees that the existing social organization is primarily financial, rather than capitalist or industrial. He fully accepts Marx's economic interpretation of history, although he rejects the Marxist economic theory. While he agrees with socialists in aiming at the destruction of monopolist property, he does not agree with them either as to the cause of monopoly or as to the means of getting rid of it. The three political parties are, in M. Lambert's opinion, all mistaken. The conservatives base society on authority, which he rejects altogether. The liberals base it on liberty, which is inadequate by itself. The socialists base it on solidarity and, as he thinks,

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neglect liberty and personal responsibility. Moreover, solidarity, which springs from natural causes, should be voluntary, not forced. The three principles on which society should be based are liberty, responsibility, and solidarity. Personal liberty carries with it a corresponding personal responsibility, and solidarity is necessary to progress. Individualism in the sense of individual isolation is, in fact, giving place to "associationism." M. Lambert believes that the encouragement of this tendency by complete freedom of association accompanied by complete individual responsibility will eventually put an end to the wage system and that the society of the future will be "an aggregate of cooperative associations, free and private, absorbing all activities and enterprises, government and justice excepted."

Recognizing that the parliamentary system is breaking down and that political democracy as we know it does not work, M. Lambert proposes a new method of universal suffrage. Parliaments are to be divided into three groups of equal number consisting respectively of representatives of knowledge, capital, and manual labor. The first category is to include the teaching and all other "liberal" professions and all non-manual workers, including government servants. Each constituency is to have three representatives—or a multiple of three—and candidates are to be nominated by each category of electors from among themselves. There is to be, however, no distinction among the electors when it comes to voting; each elector will have the right to vote for one candidate in each category, if there are three seats, for two if there are six seats, three if there are nine, and so on. The competition will, therefore, be only among candidates belonging to the same category. This is, in my opinion, much the least happy of all M. Lambert's proposals. The manual workers would hardly accept a system which would restrict the representatives of their class to a third of the legislative body, however large a majority they might be among the electors, even though they had—as they would have—the deciding voice in the choice of the representatives of the other classes. Moreover, the system would intensify class divisions and stereotype the class system. Further, it does not touch what seems to me the inherent vice of the parliamentary system—the "omnicompetence" of Parliament, to use the expression of Mr. G. D. H. Cole. I agree with Mr. Cole that "the human being as an individual is fundamentally incapable of being represented" and should be called upon "not to choose someone to represent him as a man or a citizen in all the aspects of citizenship, but only to choose someone to represent his point of view in relation to some particular purpose or group of purposes; in other words, some particular function." There are many other objections to M. Lambert's system which, indeed, would be no better than any existing parliamentary system, in my opinion, and perhaps even worse. Much more radical changes are needed.

But I hope that this somewhat fanciful proposal will not prejudice anybody against M. Lambert's economic suggestions which, although they do not entirely satisfy me and although I doubt very much whether they would have all the results that he claims for them, are nevertheless extremely interesting and are probably the only alternative to socialism. M. Lambert lays down as a first principle that the earth and all its natural resources—the "natural monopolies"—belong to all humanity and should not be monopolized by any individual or nation. The economic rent should, therefore, be appropriated by the community in the form of the "single tax." This is really a logical deduction from the principles of Manchester Liberalism. For land is a natural monopoly and, according to liberal principles, there should be no private monopoly. Further, since no nation has the right to monopolize raw products such as oil or minerals, there should, M. Lambert holds, be universal free exchange, without any sort of restriction or duty on imports or exports, and perfectly free communications, so that every individual can move freely from one place to another all over the world and settle where he pleases with no restriction other than that of the obligation to submit to the local laws and usages. That is to say, M. Lambert proposes the suppression of economic and political frontiers, which is an essential condition of peace no less than of personal liberty. There will never be permanent peace so long as the sovereign state exists and the boundaries between one administrative area and another are made into artificial barriers separating men from one another. Internationalism is the first step toward permanent peace and all other measures for preventing war will be futile until that step has been taken. Nationalism, as M. Lambert says, is contrary to nature, and no social order will be satisfactory that is not based on principles derived from the "observation of natural and primordial moral relations." For that reason the term "internationalism" is not really accurate: what is meant by it is the extension to the world of the conditions already existing, for example, within the United States, where there is no restriction on exchange or communications between one state and another, and there are boundaries but no frontiers.

The "new social contract" of which M. Lambert speaks in the title of his book is the most original of his proposals. He holds that the cause of the monopolist development of modern capitalism—or financialism—is the system of limited liability, which has destroyed individual responsibility. It is impossible to set forth within brief limits the reasons that he gives for this view, for which the reader must be referred to the book itself. Although they have not convinced me that limited liability is the only cause of monopolization, they have convinced me that it has been a much more important factor in it than economists have hitherto suspected. I am not convinced that M. Lambert's proposal to abolish limited liability entirely would solve the social problem, as he thinks it would, but I am quite sure that it would greatly diminish the evils of capitalism and the power of finance. Limited liability companies are to be replaced by a system of "association by contract" with complete personal responsibility of the contractors for all the acts and liabilities of the association. No association is to be formed for a longer period than ten years, but the contract may be renewed indefinitely for periods of ten years at a time. The object of this provision is to make perpetual foundations and endowments impossible and to prevent the existence of corporations with a "moral personality" distinct from that of the persons composing it. With this sole restriction, every association will be exactly what its members choose to make it by the contract creating it; they will decide in what form its property is to be held, whether the members shall or shall not have the right to sell their shares, and every other question. Every association will be obliged to go into liquidation every ten years (or more often, according to the contract) unless all its members wish to renew the contract; that is to say, any member will be free to withdraw at the end of the agreed period with his share of the property of the association.

M. Lambert anticipates that the abolition of limited liability will leave capitalists with no alternative but that of lending money at a fixed rate of interest, unless they themselves actively engage in production. The consequence, he believes, will be that cooperative associations of workers—manual and non-manual—will be formed for production and will be able to obtain capital, since the capitalists can make no other use of it. Ultimately, in his opinion, such associations will absorb the whole of production and the wage system will thus disappear. As I have said, I am not convinced of this, but it seems likely that M. Lambert's proposed system would greatly facilitate cooperative production. The end at which he aims is, in fact, syndicalism—with a difference. According to the syndicalist theory, all capital—all the means of production, that is to say, except land—would belong to the associations of workers. In M. Lambert's social order the capitalist would still exist, but with a much attenuated function. Possibly, if M. Lambert's proposals actually had the consequences that he claims for them, the ultimate result would be the disappearance of the private capi-

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talist. For if production eventually passed into the hands of associations of workers, they might eventually do without the capitalist. It is even probable that they would refuse to go on paying interest. However that may be, M. Lambert's book deserves the careful attention of all who object to the various socialist systems and, in particular, of all liberals. For, whether we like it or not, the signs are many that the present capitalist system cannot last. Those that defend it and refuse to entertain the idea of radical changes are fighting against inexorable economic causes and will in the end precipitate social revolution.

ROBERT DELL

Morozov's "Christ"

Christ. By Nicholas Morozov. Unpublished.

FRANCIS BACON once said that no matter what form of government or state there may be, science will always be free and independent. He might have changed his mind had he witnessed the behavior of many contemporary bearers of scientific thought. They seem to be indifferent to the general disintegration of this scientific thought and do so little for its recovery. The writer does not know of any serious attempt to reestablish the unity of international scientific cooperation, with the exception, perhaps, of the invitation that the London professors extended to the hungry scholars of Austria to come to England and work.

When Victor Henri, the French social scientist, suggested the reestablishment of relations between the French and Russian Academies of Science, the French "Immortals" hissed and silenced him. The scholar of our days has ordinarily, for some reason or other, proved less curious, less searching, less dynamic than the diplomat, the intelligence agent, the business man, or the reporter. At a time when Russia, for instance, is living through an exceedingly interesting and momentous period, you will find near and within her gates an intelligence officer gathering information ex officio and incidentally getting ready for lectures in America; you will find a reporter eager to "get the truth"; you will find Clare Sheridan, who came to model busts in Moscow, or Washington D. Vanderlip, who came to make money; but you will hardly find a single scholar who has gone there to see and study things and to exchange the fruits of learning with Russian scholars. Nobody, for instance, seems to be interested in the fact that the well-known psycho-neurologist Narbut has lately accomplished much with the problem of the sexual education of children; or that a Russian astronomer has discovered a new planet; or that in September, 1920, at the annual convention of Russian astronomers in Moscow, a Russian scientist submitted for discussion one of the most daring and original works of our century. That work is not a paper, not even a single volume; it is a huge work, the result of a lifetime of research, under the title "Christ." The name of the scholar is Nicholas Morozov, astronomer, chemist, and philologist.

For many years Morozov has been interested in the study of constellations from the historical point of view. Some fifteen years ago he published his book "Revelations in Storm and Tempest," in which he tried to establish the time when the Apocalypse was written. Studying the description of the constellations as given in the Apocalypse, and comparing it with many analogous descriptions in half a dozen ancient tongues, including Hebrew, Chaldean, and Sanskrit, he believed himself able to calculate exactly the time and the place when and wherefrom the described constellations were seen and thus to find the exact time and place of composition. Then Morozov went further into the study of the early years of the Hebrew and Christian religions and of the history of the Old and New Testament. Using a combination of mathematical, astronomical, and philological calculations, comparing different texts from the Scriptures, he made up a series of celestial maps and came to certain startling conclusions.

We must confine ourselves to mentioning only the outstanding contentions of this remarkable work. Morozov thinks: (1) That the New Testament was written approximately at the same time as the Old, namely between the fourth and fifth centuries of our era; (2) that the Christian teaching appeared before the appearance of Christ himself; (3) that a man by the name of Jesus (Christ) really lived in the fourth century A.D. He was the son of an architect, a remarkable orator, and a person of magnetic mystical power who became the leader of the Christians; (4) he really was crucified on March 21, 368.

Morozov went minutely through the extant material regarding the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries of our era, his attention being drawn to that period as the most important and active in shaping the scriptures and legends upon which modern religions are based. He thinks that the book of Ezekiel was written in its final form in the second half of the fifth century A.D., because he finds there a description of the constellations that corresponds to the sky map for January 23, 453. The planet described by Isaiah, Morozov says, was the July comet of 451. Very interesting are the explanations he makes as to the origin of some of the Bible stories. The story of Samson and Dalilah, he thinks, is an echo of the sky view of March 15, 359; the story about Balaam and his ass is apparently founded on the sky view of January 6, 352, when the constellation formed a contour of an ass.

Morozov's report was naturally received with a great deal of discussion. Some scholars questioned the soundness of this combination of philology with celestial history; some challenged his formulae; but on the whole it made a decided sensation. The Government agreed to publish "Christ" at the expense of the state, but lack of paper and proper implements for the reproduction of all the formulae and maps hampers the printing of the book, and it is possible that its appearance, like the appearance of many other valuable Russian contributions to the world of knowledge, will be postponed *ad calendas graecas*.

A few words about Morozov himself. Born in Russia in a noble family late in the forties of the past century, he refused the heritage of estates, serfs, and millions of rubles, and became a revolutionist. He was one of the founders and active members of the Narodnaya Volya, a revolutionary group of the seventies. After the assassination of Alexander II Morozov was arrested and spent more than twenty-five years in solitary confinement studying the sky from a little window under the ceiling of his cell in the terrible Schlüsselburg fortress. Feigning illness, he made friends with the prison doctor and received from him, in the guise of prescriptions, various chemicals with which he succeeded in arranging a little secret laboratory in his cell. He invented a glue-like solution that allowed him to make cardboard out of the sheets of paper on which he had previously written essays, poems, and scientific papers. He later received permission from the prison authorities to get unbound volumes from the public library and to bind them in his cardboard. His friend, the famous revolutionary pioneer, Vera Figner, would be notified which of the books he had bound; she would then take them from the library, unbind them, and, using another of Morozov's solutions, would separate the sheets without injuring the ink and would prepare the manuscript for print. While in Schlüsselburg Morozov mastered about a dozen languages, ancient and modern, and discovered a new principle which introduced changes and corrections into the periodical system of the chemist Mendeleyev. He corresponded with the famous English chemist Ramsay, who agreed with Morozov's method. In 1906 Morozov, now an old man, was released from Schlüsselburg, only to be convicted to another year of solitary confinement in the Dvinsk dungeon, his new crime consisting of a poem he wrote on the occasion of coming back among his fellows. Since the revolution of 1917 he has taken no part in active politics, being overwhelmed and absorbed by his research work partly in the Institute of Lesgaft and partly in the psycho-neurological Institute in Petrograd. By a strange and sarcastic

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play of fate he finds himself at the completion of his work in a world jail, as completely isolated from his fellows as when he began it many years ago in a Czarist fortress. His work cannot even be adequately published, his word is not heard by the rest of the world, because some reporters and some diplomats think it would be unwise to reestablish the Baconian republic of knowledge.

GREGORY ZILBOORG

The Noble Savage

White Shadows in the South Seas.—Mystic Isles of the South Seas. By Frederick O'Brien. The Century Company.

THE truth about the South Seas is, there is no such place. They are no more a geographical locality than is Valhalla or the land of Cockaigne. As the early Christians devised a Heaven, better to slander the world, and a soul, more bitterly to shame the flesh, so, in more secular times, man has given local habitation, in some remote corner of this planet, to a variety of earthly paradises. Most people hope in their hearts that there is no place quite so bad as home. In an age that knows so little of leisure, simplicity, security, or harmony, we have turned, in our frustration, to sentimentalize over coral islands in tropical seas, where a race of noble savages "whose bodies were as beautiful as the models for the statues the Greeks made," to quote Frederick O'Brien, the leading evangelist of the new myth, "whose hearts were generous, and whose minds were eager to learn all good things," is being exterminated by the choicest fruits of our civilization: missionaries, syphilis, and gin. We are avid for accounts of the Edenic perfection of these Mystic Isles, for descriptions of what Mr. O'Brien has called "the unrivaled beauty of the verdure, of reefs and palms, of the majestic stature of the men and the passionate charm of the women, the boundless health and simple happiness in which they dwelt, the climate, the limpid streams, the diving, swimming, games, the rarest food." It is a significant fact that the civilization which has recognized its autobiography in "Main Street" should at the same time acclaim so eagerly "White Shadows in the South Seas" and "Mystic Isles of the South Seas." Sinclair Lewis and Frederick O'Brien complement each other, and together have pictured, to a large and admiring public, one the realistic, the other the romantic side of barbarism. From the foot of Main Street, on Sundays, and after office hours, run the excursion boats, piloted by Mr. O'Brien, to the South Seas. "I would offer," writes Mr. O'Brien, in his official announcement, "an anodyne for a few hours, of transport to the other side of our sphere, where are the loveliest scenes the eye may find upon the round of the globe, the gentlest climate of all the latitudes, the most whimsical whites, and the dearest savages I have known."

When Herman Melville and his friend Toby, on a blinding day in 1842, revolted at the hideousness of the life on shipboard, and, tempted by the new and startling beauty of the Marquesas, ran away and fell into the hands of the amiable cannibals of the valley of Typee, the South Seas were first discovered by a competent literary artist. Melville's "Typee" and "Omoo" were the first, and still remain the finest, fruits of this discovery, though Melville has had a long line of literary descendants. Mr. O'Brien writes with a full knowledge of his forerunners in the South Sea manner. "What the great captains, and Loti, Melville, Becke, and Stoddard, had written," he confesses, as his boat streams to the South Seas, "had been my intense delight." On his way to the Marquesas he recalls "the boyish thrill that filled me when I pored over the pages of Melville long ago."

In his two books on the South Seas Mr. O'Brien has trod, geographically, closely in the steps of Melville. In literary manner he is more showy, more theatrical than Melville, and is characterized by a sentimentality less delicate than that of Charles Warren Stoddard. Both Melville and Mr. O'Brien wrote their first book on the Marquesas Islands, the second on Tahiti, and in each case, the first book is better than the second. Mr. O'Brien's second book, however, unlike Melville's, precedes in experience his first. We are promised a third volume "'Atolls of the Sun,' which will be the account of a visit to, and a dwelling on, the blazing coral wreaths of the Dangerous Archipelago." There, so Mr. O'Brien remarks with typical romantic exuberance, "the strange is commonplace, and the marvel is the probability of the hour."

Between Melville and Mr. O'Brien lies a span of nearly seventy years. This interim has, of course, in no degree modified the great natural beauty of the South Seas; but enormous are the changes in the human drama enacted in this changeless natural setting. When Melville discovered the Marquesas they were inhabited by tribes of practicing cannibals that throve in virulent savagery. Mr. O'Brien expresses his regret at the change of state he discovered in a rhetorical query: "Why could not this idyllic, fierce, laughter-loving people have stayed savage and strong, wicked and clean?" These astonishingly noble savages of the Marquesas, when known by Melville in their uncorrupted glory, inspired him with less intemperate enthusiasm than Mr. O'Brien's is when he studies them in their decline and sentimentalizes over the high virtues from which they are fallen. For the Marquesas, the Tahiti, the South Seas which Mr. O'Brien celebrates, have attracted to themselves the vices of both East and West. Thither have gravitated the evangelist, the derelict, the merchant, and the romantic adventurer, who have variously exploited the natives in the names of Wesley, Priapus, Trade, and the Muses, to the threatened extinction of the natives.

There is drama in this extinction of a picturesque savage civilization by the forces of a no less picturesque and far more virulent barbarism of a variety of imported brands. Mr. O'Brien is at his best in his accounts of the bizarre freaks of destiny in this island of decaying savages: in "White Shadows," the story of McHenry and his native boy; the story of Mademoiselle N——; the incident of the lady Titihuti's tattooed legs—legs to singe Sir Willowby with blushes of envy and shame; the account of the venerable Père Simeon's celebration of the anniversary of the Maid of Orleans, when the Marquesans had the same difficulty in finding virgins that the Romans had at the height of the Empire when they wanted to worship Vesta; in "Mystic Isles," the outing with the native princess to the falls of Fautaua; the accounts of the incomparable Lavaina, hostess of the Tiare Hotel—these are among the passages in which Mr. O'Brien achieves a considerable degree of distinction.

In "Mystic Isles of the South Seas" he attempts to do for Tahiti what in his first book he did for the Marquesas. The result is not so interesting, because the material is far less picturesque. It does not attain to the freshness, the verve, the rich variety of its predecessor. Fully half of the book concerns itself with an account of the town of Papeete and the neighborhood, and the life of the foreigners there—a life to be duplicated, in all essentials, nearly anywhere around the rim of civilization where life is down at the heel. And when Mr. O'Brien leaves Papeete to explore the island he rarely, if ever, succeeds in making any discovery untouched by the commonplace, the garish, or the tawdry. Tahiti, judging from his report, is at its backbone a dilapidated and degenerate Main Street. Never is there far removed from the picture the singing of Methodist hymns and American ragtime; the honking of automobiles over bad roads; the smell of absinthe, flat beer, and cigarette butts. There are motion-pictures, boot-blacks, peanut-men, prize-fights, natives dressed in pink lace and mother-hubbards, and foreigners garbed to heights of hideousness. And there is a strike of native fishermen led by an American agent of the I. W. W.—a trio of sounds which the natives transform into "I dobbebelly dobbebelly." In this sordid environment, headed to a certain doom, live the last remnants of

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"a manly people, once magnificently perfect in body, masters of their seas, unexcelled in the record of humanity in beauty, vigor, and valor." RAYMOND M. WEAVER

Albert Ryder

Albert Pinkham Ryder. By Frederick Fairchild Sherman. Privately printed.

ALBERT RYDER was as truly an exotic among our painters as was Poe among our poets. However, apart from a quality of tropical bizarrerie which isolated each from his contemporaries, they have little enough in common. Poe was a superb master of his craft; Ryder an inspired bungler working with materials which he never understood. But in spite of this technical ineptitude he frequently tortured his medium into expressing forms of bewildering beauty, so intangible and eerie in their appeal that they almost baffle analysis. His canvases evoke moods translatable in no other terms than those of paint, although literary ideas often serve as a springboard to his imagination. Ryder's imaginative flights reveal a world not unlike Poe's, but the resemblance is superficial. The same unearthly sunsets enhance the splendors of The Valley of the Many Colored Grass and The Temple of the Mind, but a friendly road jogs out of Ryder's ideal world into the world of common men. Genial, earthy Panurge might conceivably stray along that highway and feel at home, but from the swamps about Poe's Arnheim he would flee in terror.

Ryder's unique and highly original gifts have provoked scattered comment here and there from appreciative fellow-craftsmen, but it has fallen to Frederick Fairchild Sherman to attempt the most ambitious study yet made of Ryder's personality and art. The monograph is expensively printed and bound, and contains thirty-three reproductions, the frontispiece being in color. The book is excellent—if for no other reason than that it creates a vivid, human portrait. One of the most interesting of Mr. Sherman's chapters deals with the painter's experiments in verse; in another scarcely less interesting he transcribes many of Ryder's illuminating opinions about art. These two chapters are the outstanding features of the book.

The materials upon which Mr. Sherman has based his study are apparently rather scanty, but out of them he has built up an unforgettable personality. We catch a glimpse of the old recluse, bearded like "one of the early Apostles," slopping about the almost incredible Fifteenth Street studio, his bare feet incased in carpet slippers, cooking his own meals, and so oblivious of material things that he forgets for months to cash checks upon dealers who have bought his pictures. In the dust and disorder of this little Bohemian workshop he was quite happy. His creed forbade his dwelling in an ostentatious studio. He summed up the matter himself in the following: "The artist should not sacrifice his ideals to a landlord and a costly studio. A rain-tight roof, frugal living, a box of colors, and God's sunlight through clear windows keep the soul attuned and the body vigorous for one's daily work. The artist should once and forever emancipate himself from the bondage of appearance and the unpardonable sin of expending on ignoble aims the precious ointment that should serve only to nourish the lamp burning before the tabernacle of his muse."

It is not surprising that so introspective a painter as Albert Ryder should have essayed verse. He left a considerable amount of it which as poetry does not rank high. His technique in verse is as heavy-handed as in painting; his painting, however, in spite of technique is often purely and rapturously lyrical. His verse has no wings; it is top-heavy with contemplation. With such eminent poet-painters as Rossetti and Michelangelo Ryder is not to be remotely compared. It is true that he wrote better verse than Turner, but one may remark that without making a very triumphant announcement. Mr. Sherman quotes a characteristic quatrain from a long poem called Jeanne d'Arc. This quatrain he not unaptly compares with the work of Emily

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Dickinson. It is one of the finest bits the painter ever wrote:

Who knows what God knows?
His hand he never shows,
Yet miracles with less are wrought,
Even with a thought.

Ryder exhibited a finer sensitiveness to the rhythms of prose than to those of verse. A paragraph quoted in the monograph in which the painter described his studio illustrates this; and even more so does the tender excerpt addressed to a young couple newly married. Like many of Ryder's small pictures, the latter seems to have been polished and enameled by much labor. The bulk of his prose apparently is in the nature of reflections upon art. These stray thoughts embody much wisdom and a philosophy of art singularly uncompromising and clear-sighted. How he detested the watchmaker's eye is revealed in his pregnant remarks upon the bane of detail, and the value of a controlling vision, "The least of a man's original emanation is better than the best of a borrowed thought" might have come straight out of Blake. No artist ever lived whose life and art-practice were more inseparably bound by idealistic principles. The following are beautiful expressions of the spirit in which he worked:

"The canvas I began ten years ago I shall perhaps complete today or tomorrow. It has been ripening under the sunlight of the years that come and go. It is not that a canvas should be worked at. It is a wise artist who knows when to cry 'halt' in his composition, but it should be pondered over in his heart and worked out with prayer and fasting."

"Art is long. The artist must buckle himself with infinite patience. His ears must be deaf to the clamor of his insistent friends who would quicken his pace. His eyes must see naught but the vision beyond. He must await the season of fruitage without haste, without worldly ambitions, without vexation of spirit. An inspiration is no more than a seed that must be planted and nourished. It gives growth as it grows to the artist, only as he watches and waits with his highest effort."

Two chapters of Mr. Sherman's book can scarcely be dismissed without a word. One is a very interesting exposition of the artist's methods and technique. His laborious and unintelligent practice of superimposing colors upon each other at unseasonable times explains the deplorable wrecks which many of his canvases are fast becoming. Besides this chapter on technique Mr. Sherman has included another which is his own critical appreciation of Ryder's art. This is done with much understanding and acumen. It is no mere florilegium. Mr. Sherman is aware of his idol's limitations and sets them forth without reservation or apology. He does not attempt to "explain" the pictures so much as to suggest the qualities of Ryder's genius which in his opinion entitle the painter to more sympathetic modes of approach than he has heretofore commanded from the wider public. Certainly our tradition of naturalism does not encourage us to attune ourselves to the spiritual achievement of an artist who in a much truer sense than Gautier could have exclaimed: "I am a man for whom the invisible world exists."

GLEN MULLIN

Romanticist and Realist in Labor

When Labor Rules. By J. H. Thomas. Harcourt, Brace and Company.

Nationalization of the Mines. By Frank Hodges. Thomas Seltzer.

J. H. THOMAS once refused a place in the British Cabinet because he would not accept a portfolio under any but a Labor government. He is the president of the International Federation of Trade Unions, from which the American Federation of Labor, under the tutelage of Mr. Gompers, has withdrawn because it is so radical as to threaten direct action to prevent a new war. He favors nationalization of the coal mines and railroads, as well as of other industries. Such tendencies, were he an American, would cause him to be called a Bolshevik by most editors and even by some labor leaders; yet Mr. Thomas in England is so moderate that the radicals distrust him. When he comes to the United States he dines with financiers and big business men, who seem to think him a man of sense. One who can bridge so many gulfs is primarily a politician, and is almost fated for the Premiership. The prestige which he has lost among the more class-conscious elements of labor he has probably gained among the middle classes whose votes may sometime give the Labor Party political power.

Reading his book in this light, one cannot help comparing him, in temper, with our own President. He is the exponent of British Labor normalcy. He invariably sets out, not to shock and stir, but to soothe and reassure. He clothes the bald facts of economic analysis in comfortable phrases of public deference. He, as a political leader, is to the industrial leader like Smillie or Hodges what Mr. Harding is to Mr. Gary. His English, to be sure, is much clearer than Mr. Harding's, and on the whole he seems to have a better grasp of contemporary realities—but these advantages merely reflect the natural superiority of nurture in the Labor Party over that in the Republican.

When Labor rules it will merely be using the horse sense which it has been accumulating for years in Parliament, County Councils, and industrial boards. It will retain the King, so long as he abides by the Constitution, but will carry out popular sentiment in substituting a better chamber for the House of Lords. It will nationalize the fundamental industries, thus minimizing costly industrial strife, introducing more efficient technique, preventing unemployment, and lowering the cost of living to the middle classes. It will give special attention to housing and education; it will not abolish but will control the liquor traffic. The capitalist will still be paid interest on his money, but private ownership of wealth will gradually dwindle through death duties and public and cooperative enterprise; speculation and speculative profits, however, will be eliminated. The Empire will become a Commonwealth, imperial policy will do away with human exploitation in the crown colonies, Ireland will be allowed to choose her form of government and will choose to be a Dominion. The League of Nations will be transformed into a real League of Peoples, functioning through economic service instead of military control, and war will be abolished. In all this there is nothing but appeasement and good-will for everyone. So speaks the winning voice to which, by contrast, the British electorate may soon be glad to listen.

Frank Hodges is an utterly different type. That he is not the politician, skilled in compromise by years of office-holding and negotiation, was proved by the misunderstanding which arose out of his speech to members of Parliament which caused the break in the Triple Alliance. He is a young man, educated to straight thinking about economic facts. For those who do not have the time for the long volumes of the Sankey Commission, his "Nationalization of the Mines" can clarify the subject with admirable brevity. The economic loss in production, due to multiplicity of ownership and operation, the economic waste in consumption due to the same facts, and the human waste to the miners themselves, are irrefutably demonstrated. In face of a diminishing supply of this commodity at the basis of the nation's industries, coal is mined in such a way, due to the desire for quick profits, as to leave a large share of it unrecoverable underground. If it were to be economically used, most of it would be converted to by-products and electricity at the pit mouth, but instead of this, private enterprise insists on shipping it all over the country by rail, to be wastefully consumed in private furnaces. Even the process of distribution involves enormous loss, as is shown by the fact that the Cooperative Wholesale Society was able to save from 16 to 40 per cent for its members over the cost of distribution through private dealers. Productivity per man has been decreasing, partly on account of gradual exhaustion of the better veins, and partly on account of the dissatisfaction of the miners in toiling for others' profits. The Government itself presented figures showing that before

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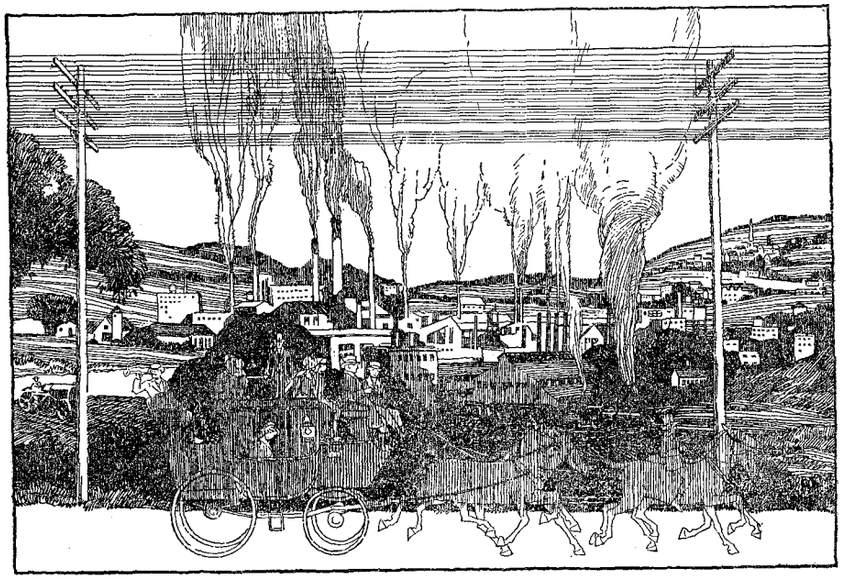

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long the cost of production would be such as to render the industry insolvent at any economically possible price for coal. The insolvency did not arrive as soon as expected, because foreign demand for many months made possible an export price which covered the domestic loss, but now that the foreign demand has fallen off, the crisis has come.

What has the Government done? It might have fulfilled its promise by accepting the report of its own Sankey Commission, backed by the miners, which stated that nationalization is the only possible solution. It might have accepted the recommendation of the coal operators themselves that the coal underground should be publicly owned. Instead, it turned the industry back to the old wasteful system, knowing that the only possible result would be to place the burden of the deficit on the workers and to reduce their standard of living below their pre-war status. For the purpose of defending private profit at the expense of the miners, the consuming public, British industry, and generations yet unborn, it engaged in a costly struggle with the Miners' Federation. The tragedy is that in so far as it is able to win the strike, ruthless economic forces will make the nation lose.

When we read Thomas, we have the sense of the people, free to act politically, choosing a more humane civilization. When we read Hodges, we have the sense of an economic order drawing inevitably to its close, and an almost desperate appeal to lay aside prejudices and understand so that we may build anew before it is too late. Thomas is the romanticist and Hodges the realist of nationalization.

GEORGE SOULE

Drama

"Gold"

THERE is something half-hearted about this late production of Mr. Eugene O'Neill's new play at the Frazee Theater. One has the impression that it was due to Mr. O'Neill's reputation rather than to any commanding merit in the work itself. That reputation, at all events, has outstripped Mr. O'Neill's development and has even, perhaps, retarded it. He reached his highest point in certain passages of "Beyond the Horizon." "The Emperor Jones" owes its success to its imaginative and formal daring and the exotic elements in its admirable presentation more than to any inner completeness or perfection; "Diff'rent" is both structurally and psychologically violent rather than powerful. In "Gold" Mr. O'Neill returns to the sea and to seafaring people. We cannot rid ourselves of the feeling that we had heard all this before.

The crew of the Triton is stranded on an island in the Malay Archipelago. A treasure is found which the men bury But not before Captain Isaiah Bartlett has condoned, though not commanded, the murder of the ship's cook who has denied the genuineness of the treasure and is half falsely, half sincerely suspected of wanting it all for himself. Such is the substance of the very interesting first act. From that point on the play drags heavily. By a rather sentimental and theatrical ruse Captain Bartlett is prevented from sailing to recover the treasure. It becomes an obsession with him; it ends by driving him mad. Like John Gabriel Borkman he paces eternally up and down—we hear his footsteps—waiting for the ship that will never return. At last he reveals the secret of his insane suspense to his son and shows him the one bit of the treasure he has hidden and kept so long. The boy cries out, just as the ship's cook did: "It's damned brass!" And that echo gives us the only other strong and moving moment. But that moment does not come until Captain Bartlett's madness has caused a domestic tragedy which is no tragedy at all because Mr. O'Neill's women are terrible lay figures who talk as shop-girls do not talk but as they imagine they would if it were their good fortune to be involved in a sad and romantic situation.

What is finely conceived is the symbolism. The treasure is brass. Illusion is illusion. Yet the man who seeks to bring his fellows in contact with reality is killed. They spend the rest of their lives chasing the false treasure, slaying for it, maddened by it. But it remains brass—cheap though gleaming. Only, the unpleasant doubt obtrudes itself that, perhaps, Mr. O'Neill did not intend any such symbolical meaning at all. His dialogue is roughly and superficially realistic. The tone never deepens nor is anything felt that is not wholly spoken. The structure is jagged like that of a shaky and obvious scaffolding, not firm and true and hidden like that of a house.

There is something raw about Mr. O'Neill's work, as though he himself had not got to the souls of his people or touched the depths of his own fables; there is a lack of that inner grace which has nothing to do with beauty of aspect or worldly circumstance and is, in truth, found oftenest in books or plays that deal with the humblest and the least of men. It is as though we were listening to the work of an extraordinarily gifted boy who is keen and observant but does not yet share the passions and struggles of mankind sufficiently to see them from within. He remains outside his subjects, a little cold and hard and almost disdainful of a more intense preoccupation. No doubt this description is, as it stands, unjust to Mr. O'Neill. All such descriptions miss a final truth. But it may serve to convey the lack of creative intensity and of inner warmth and flexibility that we feel increasingly in his work. He remains, for all that, a remarkable figure, and second, probably, to Susan Glaspell alone among our recent dramatists. He invites criticism on the plane of his own ambitions. Viewing him there one cannot doubt that he must soften and sink far deeper his spiritual key, as well as tighten the inner economy of his fables, in order to pass from wavering promise to secure performance.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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